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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1933 — NUMBER 19

GOBI DESERT RUINS, NEAR TURFAN
From Owen Lattimore's "High Tartary" (Little, Brown)

American Letters

CREATIVE AMERICA: AN ANTHOLOGY. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $3.75.

AMERICAN LITERATURE: A PERIOD ANTHOLOGY. The Roots of National Culture, by Robert E. Spiller. $1.50. *The Romantic Triumph, by Tremaine McDowell.* $1.50. *The Rise of Realism, by Louis Wann.* $1.50. *The Social Revolt, by Oscar Cargill.* $1.35. *Contemporary Trends, by John Herbert Nelson.* $1.25. *New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1933.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

FIFTY years ago it was possible to represent American literature within a book of moderate dimensions. But with the growth of our letters in the last half century, and with an increased understanding of the complex intellectual history which lies behind earlier periods, it has become impossible in one volume adequately to illustrate American literature on historical principles. There were two modes of escape from this difficulty: one may give up historical principles in favor of some other canon, or one may demand more volumes. Mr. Lewisohn has in a sense chosen the first method; Mr. Cargill and his associates have undeniably chosen the second.

I say that Mr. Lewisohn's method is the first method "in a sense," and I am justified in my hesitation because his anthology neither quite represents the adventures of Mr. Lewisohn's soul among masterpieces, nor quite fulfils the needs of a properly historical anthology. His preface says that his book seeks to answer the question: "What have been and what are the dominant strains in American thought and art and aspiration?" His "Introduction" adds that the book is to justify "the faith that the creative expression of the American people has never been esteemed at its true value because it has never been exhibited in its totality nor viewed with severity of taste by any previous anthologist . . ." I do not know what Mr. Lewisohn means by "totality," but I note with some amazement that the seventeenth century is represented by about one hundred seventy-six inches of matter (including head lines, and also including Cotton Mather); that the eighteenth century is represented by about one hundred sixty-seven inches; and that the selections from Mr. Lewi-

(*Continued on following page*)

Conquering the Gobi

RIDDLES OF THE GOBI DESERT. By Sven Hedin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by OWEN LATTIMORE

SVEN HEDIN is the Old Master of Central Asian travel. He was only a boy when he began to travel in Persia, and in the eighties and nineties one startling journey after another in Turkestan, the Lob Nor deserts, and the wastes of Tibet raised him to a major place among the explorers of his generation. Those were the days when an explorer was a lone adventurer. Few great explorers have been so well known to the general public, because in addition to his monumental contributions to technical literature he recorded his own achievements in a series of popular books that were stirring and full of color and conveyed the excitement both of adventure and of scientific discovery, in a way that no man of imagination could resist.

In 1927, at an age when any man of ordinary ambition would have retired contentedly on so brilliant a record, Hedin undertook to explore all over again the hidden regions of Central Asia across which his name was already so boldly written. To one great reputation he would add another: he would reach the front rank in the newest technique of exploration—that of the large expedition, including scientists of many kinds, working largely in scattered groups, over an enormous field.

He had first to overcome violent Chinese opposition, for nationalistic feeling was categorically against any independent foreign investigation of the remote interior. Yet he not only succeeded, but triumphed. The Chinese have become enthusiastic supporters of the expedition,

WINTER COSTUME IN THE GOBI
From a picture of the reviewer, who also crossed the Gobi

and have themselves taken part in some of its most important discoveries.

Hedin has kept his men continuously in the field since 1927, and has had greater success than anyone else in keeping a large expedition at work right through the savagely cold winters. The scientific results have been simply stupendous, both in quantity and quality. We have at present little but Hedin's own narrative of the work; the full publication of scientific results will take many years.

"Across the Gobi Desert" told of the invasion of Central Asia; "Riddles of the

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"SPEAKEASY"
From Glenn O. Coleman's painting, now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Bedtime Stories of Prohibition

THE NIGHT CLUB ERA. By Stanley Walker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD ANTHONY

BOOK reviewers ought to get together and do something about this Stanley Walker person. He has written a book that makes the reviewer's job a tough one indeed. For his 321 fascinating pages are liberally sprinkled with ideas for novels and short stories; and a feller doesn't know whether to refer to the author as Professor Walker and review his opus as a handbook for the busy fictionist in quest of themes or to submit it to the reading public as the latest and most brilliant of Manhattan kaleidoscopes.

Past the book reviewing stand, in this volume, files an endless procession of colorful figures—all the well-known Broadway names and many not so well-known but just as interesting. The book is history—history so breezily written that the reader, absorbed in anecdote and incident, may not take time out to ponder its authenticity and importance.

The chapter on Broadway's Keyhole King—Walker calls it "That 'Dreadful' Winchell Man"—is a keen, factual estimate of the columnist who drives us lowbrows to the pages of *The Mirror* to learn who is being Reno-vated, who is blessed-eventing and who is That Way about whom. The author, in this illuminating brochure, gives us the story of what really happened when Winchell, as the result of one of the most daring paragraphs ever to appear in an American newspaper, had a brush with the underworld, a passage at arms that made it necessary for him to make his rounds of the town with a bodyguard. As one who has heard a dozen different versions of the incident, I got a genuine kick out of reading Walker's simple account of what really happened. And how convincing the unadorned facts, presented by an honest-to-goodness newspaperman, can be!

As you read these lines I am writing—assuming, for the sake of argument that you are reading them—the legalized sale of liquor is but a few weeks off. Perhaps, as far as the liquor question is concerned, that is what lies uppermost in your mind. But there is always the possibility that perhaps you are interested, not merely in

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An Exciting Novel of Europe Today

KARL AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Rudolf Brunngraber. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRED RINGEL

THIS book—as no other in years—without the claim of creating a new "proletarian" or "revolutionary" form of literary expression, without the aid of fancy terms like "Camera-Eye" or "News-Reel," actually introduces a new form of novel, including the most pertinent equipment for understanding the fantastic drama that is being fought out today. It suggests no method, no remedy; it is not a fighting book. But it opens our eyes and it shows reality as hitherto unperceived and unrecorded in literature. The conclusions which can and must be drawn from this record are clear and direct.

Its story has been told so often that it borders on banality, yet this remains one of the most modern and revolutionary books. With almost biblical simplicity Rudolf Brunngraber records the story of Karl, who comes from most humble surroundings and, after a heroic period during the war, like a boomerang is whirled back into circumstances far more [illegible] doggish and oppressing. While K[illegible] pares himself for the position of [illegible] he acquires the typical passive o[illegible] and mentality of the middle-class. The war increases his hope and longing for a quiet hearthstone in this ever more restless world, but in 1919, covered with medals and slowly recovering from serious wounds, he returns to a home that has become parentless in the meantime and to a social system that has no place to offer him.

The last chapters are perhaps the most touching parts of the book. They describe the post-war period in Vienna where Karl, in spite of his training and war medals, despairs in his endless search for a job. These chapters are grim and true and direct, without the sentimental appeal of fictionized realities. Karl realizes the hopelessness of his situation but, because of his passive, retrospective outlook, cannot and does not try to perceive the economic entanglements of the world, which so vividly

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This Week

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: VOLUME II
Reviewed by Harold Nicolson

JONATHAN BISHOP
By HERBERT GORMAN
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

A STORY ANTHOLOGY
Edited by WHIT BURNETT and MARTHA FOLEY
Reviewed by Edith H. Walton

THE CHILD MANUELA
By CHRISTA WINSLOE
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

CARLYLE RULES THE REICH
By JOSEPH ELLIS BAKER

Next Week or Later

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE
By RALPH ROEDER
Reviewed by Edward A. Whitney

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American Letters

(*Continued from first page*)

sohn alone, among the moderns, run to one hundred ten inches! This is scarcely "true value . . . exhibited in its totality," especially when one recalls that the seventeenth century includes Increase Mather, the intellectual giant of the Puritans, and that the eighteenth includes Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Edwards, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton, who, taken all together, receive less space than does Mr. Lewisohn himself.

Mr. Lewisohn may reply that these men do not represent "creative expression," and that the principle of severity will exclude them. Waiving the question whether they ought not therefore to be excluded entirely, one turns to consider the principle of severity, and one discovers that almost everybody before Whitman is cruelly reduced in space, and that two-thirds of the anthology is devoted to writers since 1870. Now I heartily agree with Mr. Lewisohn in admiring the flowering of American literature in the last sixty years, but Mr. Lewisohn writes as if he were sole and singular in making the discovery of its worth. "The pedagogical anthologists" who have preceded him, he says, "included only the 'Maud Mullers,' and the poem of signal excellence not at all, for the absurd reason that the latter is apt to have been written some time in the present century." I read this statement with amazement; then, making a list of twenty-five authors who immediately succeed Whitman in Mr. Lewisohn's anthology, I turned to the first four "pedagogical anthologists" on my shelves. Most of these do not include novelists except sparingly, and all of them have had to grapple with copyright difficulties, but one has selections from eleven of Mr. Lewisohn's authors, one from fourteen, one from fifteen, and one from sixteen! Again, Mr. Lewisohn says that "the large representation" he has given Emily Dickinson "seems [illegible]" Well, the "large

The point is not to find fault with Mr. Lewisohn's selections; the point lies in the absurdity of the bland assumptions underlying Mr. Lewisohn's theory of the "pedagogical anthologists." Mr. Lewisohn is an amateur in American literary history—a gifted amateur, but still an amateur; and it is scarcely to be expected that he has suddenly discovered some golden clue to the inner meaning of American literary history which has been concealed from those who have spent their lives at trying to understand and evaluate it. His book is mainly interesting as an exhibition of his temperamental preferences. He prefers to read Emerson as a collection of random apothegms instead of in representative wholes; he prefers to reprint Mencken's paragraphs on "The Hopes of a National Literature" and to ignore Channing's essay on the same subject (now a hundred years old), though Channing's essay is much more philosophical. There is no good pretending that a book of this character exhibits either "totality" or "severity" of point of view or of criticism in any consistent sense of the words.

The best answer to the vagaries of Mr. Lewisohn is the thorough, orderly, and discriminating survey of American literature represented by the five "pedagogical anthologists" listed above. Here one really has the opportunity to understand the origin and progress of the "dominant strains in American thought, and art and aspiration." Here, if he wants it, the reader can really make an orderly survey of American thought and art and inspiration from the voyages of the discoverers with their wild and unconscious poetry to the novels of William Faulkner and Glenway Wescott. The reader of Mr. Lewisohn's volume, on the other hand, is likely to rise from it strengthened in his favorite prejudice that the only authors worth considering are "modern authors," and that "creative expression" improves in proportion as it approaches New York City and the year 1933.

An Ideal War Minister

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: Volume II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by HAROLD NICOLSON

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is regarded by many of his compatriots as a volatile and inconsequent man. Few estimates could be further from the truth. In his methods, Mr. Lloyd George may at moments pursue a zigzag course: in his purpose his course is throughout obstinately rectilinear. He is guided by certain overpowering principles and prejudices. He has in the first place an obsessive hatred of all privilege. He has in the second place a romantic passion for the under dog. The former prejudice leads him, not merely to dislike, not merely to suspect, but even to combat, the opinion of all experts or pundits. The latter affection has induced him to slide off on tangents, to rush into emotional states of mind regarding issues which, in themselves, are not centrally important.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY: "MUST YOU, DAVID, WHEN I'M SO TIRED?"
A cartoon by Ernest H. Shepard, from Punch

During the war—and he was the greatest war minister that England has produced since Pitt—these prejudices and passions tempted him into many strange ways. His distrust of the professional soldiers [illegible] condemned. Yet the fact remains that during those dark years of 1916, 1917, and 1918 Lloyd George saved western civilization and the British Empire. No incidental criticism can mar the splendor of his achievement.

Both the faults and the virtues of his genius are well illustrated in the second volume of his war memoirs. It is a book, in the first place, immensely vitalizing and refreshing. Mr. Lloyd George, although he would be the last to claim any literary accomplishment, manages to convey in his pages some of that bustling compulsion, some of that mobile zeal, which was the inspiration of tired generals and dispirited politicians during the darkest years of the war. These pages throb with animation: it is only when Lloyd George quotes other people that they seem to flag. When he speaks in his own person the whole thing is breathless, dramatic, illuminated, flood-lit.

In the second place, we are given a picture of human will in action. Mr. Lloyd George is throughout his memoirs modest, considerate, and fair. At moments he will lunge at people like M'Kenna, Keynes, Simon, or Sir William Robertson. But it is not an ill-humored lunge. He never attributes to himself qualities of prevision or determination which he is unable to prove. His memoirs are among the least conceited autobiographies that I have ever read. And yet in the end one is left with admiration for his initiative, his willpower, his moral courage, and his almost frantic energy. No man or woman can read these pages without a flush of admiration to the heart.

Thirdly, Lloyd George defines, and personifies, the qualities of an ideal war minister. Courage, composure, judgment, vision, imagination, initiative, assiduity,—these qualities were possessed by other statesmen as well as David Lloyd George. What he alone possessed is what he calls (but does not claim for himself) "a flair for conducting a great fight." How abundantly he possessed that flair! It was not merely that he exercised power: he radiated power. From this central dynamo men would return with their batteries recharged.

Like many great generals in the past, not excluding Napoleon, Lloyd George had a deep loathing of the professional soldier, of the "fanatical hostility displayed by the Higher Commands to any new idea." He himself loved new ideas. Most of this volume is a story of how he fought to impose them upon the experts. It was a resounding battle. In the end Lloyd George triumphed. In the end, with American assistance, we won the war.

It was not an easy combat. "Whatever else," writes Mr. Lloyd George, "the War Office failed to do, they at least lived up to the old tradition of the British Army of never knowing when they were beaten." He had to occupy their territory before they would admit his supremacy.

Yet what, to American readers, will be the main interest of this second volume? Mr. Lloyd George writes fairly and impartially about the American attitude in 1915 and 1916 and quotes some interesting and characteristic letters from Roosevelt. This will not interest them overmuch since Lloyd George, when discreet, is somewhat dull. Nor will they be able to iden[illegible] interest. It will be the story of a man who, without family advantage or inherited privilege, emerged to dominate the feudal machinery of Great Britain and succeeded, by personal force and magnetism, in leading the country from the depths of inertia to the maximum energy which she has exercised since the seventeenth century. And above all this volume will delight American readers as a portrait of a fierce, resourceful, and immensely individual human being, triumphing against overwhelming odds. Americans are perhaps too apt to interpret our shy reticence as evidence of a decline in national confidence. These memoirs may help to show them that, although tired, we have immense forces of resilience. No country can be really decadent if it can produce in moments of crisis a Lloyd George.

A Novel of Europe Today

(*Continued from first page*)

influence and determine his own microscopic destiny.

At the very beginning of the book we discover that the real story is that of the times, of half a century of technical development and triumphant capitalism, of the constitution of a new form of physical and spiritual slavery. Karl's personal growth and development are merely reflected against this powerful drama of truly magnificent proportions, while he himself hardly grasps the correlation and dependency of significant economic developments. The value of this book lies in its forceful establishment of the fact that individualism today has been replaced by a submersive entanglement of world-wide economic trends and individual fates.

This remarkable first novel is the kind to which a reviewer feels unable to do full justice. He may describe it elaborately and quote profusely and still in the end say it is a book to be read and not read about. It is a most interesting novel, but even more it is an economic survey of the world intensely gripping and exciting.

Herbert Gorman's Historical Novel

JONATHAN BISHOP. By Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

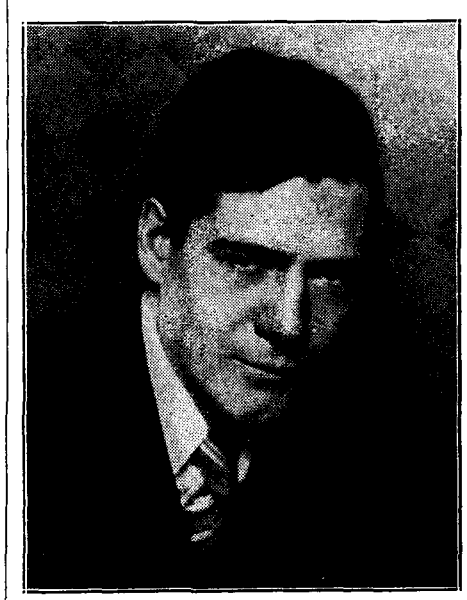
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS is a novel without a hero. Mr. Gorman's intentions are sufficiently indicated by his title. He intended to have a hero. But it is the sad lot of historical novelists that they have to fit their characters to their period: it is only on very fortunate occasions that the process is reversed. Mr. Gorman's period is the France of 1870-1871, a period so rich in drama that it appears (most excusably) to have absorbed the better part of his attention. The scene was ready; history had provided most of the players; but no one seemed cast for the useful part of hero.

So he concocted a young American called Jonathan Bishop, whose adventures would serve as a clue through the bloody labyrinth of Sedan, the Siege, and the Commune. Characters born of second thoughts in this way are not infrequently stillborn; and Jonathan—excellent guide though he is—does trail behind him a strongish smell of lamp.

He arrives in Paris fresh from Harvard, just in time to see the waning glories of Napoleon III's court, and to have his innocence despoiled by one of those Napoleonic *cocodettes,* or female political spies. War is declared with Prussia; Napoleon III and his armies leave for Berlin; but to the love-sick Jonathan everything is a little illusory, a little fantastic. And then the lady proves faithless, the illusion is destroyed, and nothing is left to our hero but his enviable faculty of being in at the death. He arrives in Sedan just before that tragic little city capitulates; he carries back a message from the Emperor to the Empress Eugénie; he accompanies Eugénie on her flight to England; he [illegible] scenes of rage and misery. The best one can say of him is that he is a convenient eye-witness who is always on the spot. In the end he is captured on the outskirts of Belleville and "pressed" into the service of the Commune and of that Chestertonian revolutionary, Gaultier de Saint-Just. Wearing a uniform which he has learned to hate, he comes to a somewhat disembodied end in the shambles of Père-Lachaise; and the tear that one drops upon his corpse is at best a perfunctory one. Poor fellow, he was less a character than a convenience.

But oddly enough, Mr. Gorman's book is a memorable piece of writing. The se-



HERBERT GORMAN

cret of that, I think, lies hidden in one of Jonathan's comments: ". . . The Commune had spat in the face of history . . . history was a giant that would devour the Commune." Our hero at last reveals himself—he is Tradition; our villain is unmasked—he is Revolution Those who

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think these rôles should be reversed must remember that historical fiction has not yet come to terms with the Marxian dialectic.

Mr. Gorman's muse, a monumental lady, is none too happy in fancy dress: but once the haggard frivolities of Napoleon's court are past, what an admirable tale this is! Its account of Sedan, for instance, should compare very favorably with Zola's, which I seem to remember as being all bombs and bowels; and the skilfully prosaic mood of Eugénie's escape from France is only spoiled by a peculiar mistranslation on page 182. Thereafter the story—as the story of a period not of a person—goes on from strength to strength. True, its large progress is strewn with evidences of haste and even of confusion. But Mr. Gorman is not one of those writers who work *arida modo pumice*. His effects are weighty and cumulative: his aim is to overwhelm.

This is not so intimidating as it sounds. I hold no brief for Mr. Gorman the biographer, but Mr. Gorman the novelist is really another Harrison Ainsworth; less genial, perhaps, and less ferocious than his predecessor, but quite as impressive and far more scholarly. Moreover, like Ainsworth's, his very minor characters have a simple and pleasing reality. Therein lies the success of "Jonathan Bishop." Its vast movements of people through hysteria to rage, through rage to endurance, through endurance to sordid catastrophe are admirably managed. You put the book down; you tell yourself that it has very few of the real values of fiction; but somehow or other the sounds of its riots and battles echo and re-echo in the corners of your memory. If a writer can bring history to life in this way, does it matter if his hero is born dead?

Conquering the Gobi

(*Continued from first page*)

Gobi Desert" carries on the story of organized conquest, from 1928 to 1930. Hedin himself, in this period, travelled as far as Urumchi in Chinese Turkestan. Then political difficulties recalled him to China, and the threat of serious illness took him to America. He was occupied for the most part in long-distance supervision of his colleagues. This weakens the unity of the narrative, and parts of the book are comparatively trivial.

None the less it is a magnificent book. Part of the charm of Hedin's writing lies in his assumption that "the ordinary man" is just the man who will appreciate both adventure and science. The best chapters are at the end of the book, where Hedin recounts the grim experiences of Zimmermann, alone among the Mongols of the Edsin Gol, with a Chinese colleague going mad on his hands. This poor man (who had been through a nasty prison experience during a period of persecution by the Chinese authorities in Kansu) ended by killing a servant and committing suicide.

Then there is the saga of Georg Söderbom, who also saw the inside of a Chinese prison, but after his release, to show that there was no ill-feeling, volunteered to sally out against some bandits, capturing six and shooting the nose off a seventh. There is also a masterly little narrative of Hörner's work among the deserts and marshes in confirming the discovery of the new Lob Nor—which is like an echo of Hedin's own early explorations—and a preliminary account of Folke Bergman's important historical and prehistoric finds.

Those who have seen the original maps made by the expedition will regret that it has not yet been possible to publish them; and it is a pity that the photographs are so smudgily reproduced.

While the book is being read over here, Hedin himself, at the age of sixty-seven, is starting out to cross Mongolia and Turkestan once more—in the winter. His "lads," as he calls them, have done great work, but Hedin the veteran, Hedin the indomitable, still leads the way.

* *

Owen Lattimore, business man, journalist, and explorer, is one of the first persons to have crossed the Gobi Desert since Marco Polo's day. He is the author of "The Desert Road to Turkestan" and "High Tartary."

The New Harvest of Short Stories

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1933. *Edited by Harry Hansen. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1933. $2.50.

THE BEST BRITISH STORIES, 1933. *Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1933. $2.50.

A STORY ANTHOLOGY 1931-1933. *Edited by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley. New York: Vanguard Press.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH H. WALTON

FOR fifteen years, with the most regular precision, two very different types of anthologies have been published annually for the benefit of a public which is more lack-lustre than it should be about the short story form. To the initiate, however, the distinguishing marks are plain. Despite recent overtures towards the more experimental writers, the O. Henry Memorial volume is always conservative, competent, a little slick, and a little uninspired. If one is interested in literary radicalism, one must turn to the American and British anthologies edited by Edward J. O'Brien—a series which antedates the O. Henry collections by a few

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS
Winner of the O. Henry Memorial Prize for 1933

years. Whether the editors of *Story* will also make an annual venture is not indicated. Meanwhile there is no mistaking the camp to which they belong.

As an innovation, the O. Henry volume has, this year, a new editor—Harry Hansen instead of Blanche Colton Williams. Otherwise it is not strikingly different from its predecessors. In the past few years, to be sure, the judges have been less slavishly addicted to the machine-made story, and more hospitable to new blood, but on the whole the O. Henry collections are never very distinguished.

When it comes to awarding the first prize, however, the 1933 judges have done well. "Gal Young Un" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings is a more satisfactory choice than most. Its plot is a little musty, perhaps, but the triangle of Florida crackers is sketched in with the rich, flavorsome authenticity which made "South Moon Under" so good a book. The story by Pearl Buck which won the second prize is less deserving—too sentimental and too obvious despite the pathos of the little Chinese tailor—and "To the Invader," by Nancy Hale, is a poor successor to last year's winner of the short-story prize, "A Trip to Czardis," by Edwin Granberry.

In his preface to "The British Short Stories, 1933" Mr. O'Brien reemphasizes what he said last year—that the English short story is in a sterile and stagnant state compared with the American. Certainly this volume confirms his judgment. There is one really excellent tale in the book, "The Way Home," by Orgill Mackenzie—a sensitive and lovely account of a tired girl who won back the peace and the destiny which she had endeavored to escape. Conspicuously good, also, is the work of H. E. Bates, Roger Dataller, and James Stern. Smooth and well-written as they are, however, most of the stories leave little impress, and there is again a drift toward the rather pallid type of fantasy and semi-supernaturalism which seems to have obsessed the English of late.

Again in his preface, Mr. O'Brien suggests that the young English writers with something new to say should found a periodical similar in character to *Story*—which he praises as lavishly as he has in the past. Lest anyone should be ignorant of what is familiar history, *Story* is a magazine started on a humble scale by two American journalists who at that time were living in Vienna. Both in its Viennese and its Mallorcan incarnations it offered a refuge to stories which, for one reason or another, could not be printed in their native land. Still more recently the editors have moved to New York, where they are continuing to publish the same type of work and where the magazine is at last attracting the attention it deserves.

The present anthology is a careful winnowing of the tales which were published by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley during *Story's* two-year sojourn abroad. Some were rejected at home on grounds, presumably, of prudishness; some did not conform sufficiently to the prevailing pattern; some were never submitted elsewhere. Whatever the history of individual stories, the collection is unmistakably a challenge to editorial blindness, to the inertness of established magazines. Except for a few forgivable lapses, this volume is fresh, alive, honest.

The reproach usually levelled against "little magazines" is one of preciousness, artiness, conscious obscurity. In *Story's* case the reproach is not just. There are several over-rarefied, tortuous tales in the "Story Anthology"—notably the ones by Eugene Jolas, E. Giménez Caballero, and Laurence Vail. There are also two or three stories that seem a little trivial and pointless. *Story,* however, is not a coterie magazine. Any reasonably sensitive and reasonably intelligent person should be quite capable of appreciating this anthology.

Take "Missis Flinders," by Tess Slesinger—the first story in the book, and one of the best. The theme is unconventional. A young New York intellectual has just had an abortion because she and her husband, also a writer, are unwilling to make the sacrifice of their freedom which a baby would entail. After the actual event, however—and after her contact with the normal, eagerly maternal women in the hospital—Missis Flinders comes to feel that she is a coward, a kind of unnatural freak—that nothing can compensate her for that of which she has been defrauded, that she has denied life, and that life has turned wry and sterile in consequence. Actually, as the editors say, "Missis Flinders" is as moral a story as one could imagine, and however unabashed certain passages may seem, the woman's sardonic anguish is so real that it is impossible to imagine any reader remaining untouched.

This same emotional intensity is characteristic of a number of stories in the book—Kay Boyle's well known "Rest Cure" (written about the dying D. H. Lawrence); "Happy Jack," by William March, a powerful indictment of human cruelty; "The Force," by James Stern, and "The Unrecognized," by Gil Chard, a subtle and delicate study of the fringes of sexual perversion. Less subjectively intense, but astonishingly vigorous and convincing, are "Jamboree," by Anita Grannis—in which tragedy breaks up a drunken Irish merrymaking—and "Ike and Us Moons," by Naomi Shumway. Lest the book seem too serous, the stories by E. P. O'Donnell, Charles Kendall O'Neill, and Whit Burnett himself have an admirably unforced and unhackneyed humor.

It seems, then, that Mr. O'Brien's pioneering, however pompous it may, at times, have been, has borne excellent and rewarding fruit. The "Story Anthology" is easily the best of these three—but it owes a debt to Mr. O'Brien which the editors are the first to acknowledge. At one time the new American short story tended to overemphasize the morbid, plotless, fragmentary tale which could only be supposed to appeal to the confessedly literary. Whit Burnett and Martha Foley's collection proves that it is sloughing off its earlier defects and coming into its own.

LEE WILSON DODD

A Letter To Myself

By LEE WILSON DODD

Dear Lee:
I've known you all my years save four;
Of your first babyhood I know no more
Than others have told me—and those others gone.
When first I see you plain, you are kneeling on
The side-bench of a horse-car, close beside
Your happy mother. That unhistoric ride
Through Harlem to some street what tongue can name
Presents you as no aspirant for fame:
Just as a solemn kid in kilts, a chap
Wearing a new black-velvet "polo cap."
You flattened a button nose against a pane
And stared out through it . . . Do you see again
That glorious banal avenue over-strung
With shimmering wires? . . . You loved it. You were young.
It was your birthday, too. The world was various.
Nor did you guess that joy is—well—precarious.
You learned it soon, though! How you screamed that day
The Spitz dog chased you down the "ary-way,"
Cursing you shrilly from the pavement-ledge!
Your nerves have always had a sensitive edge
From that black panic onward through the years,
And you have grown familiar with quick fears,
You secret coward! — though you've learned to face
Them down, for more than death you fear disgrace.
How devious life is, how pretence creeps in,
And how far back duplicities begin!
Scarce are we conscious that we are, till we
Are minikin masters of duplicity,
Hiding us from our very selves. The art
Of life's sheer acting. You have played your part
So many years now that, alas, you seem
Even to yourself a dancer in a dream
Treading a ritual measure with a smile,
Over a waiting grave. Dance on a while,
Old friend, old fraud, old mountebank, old scout,
Till your turn's over and the lights go out:
Yet even then—who knows—by some far chance
(If so God wills it) you may join a Dance
That is not feigning courage, wisdom, joy——
Meanwhile, don't miss your step, poor kid . . . I mean, old boy!

* *

(*Lee Wilson Dodd, poet, playwright, novelist, and one of the* Saturday Review's *most valued contributors, died on May* 16, 1933. *This poem was written some time in* 1931 *or* 1932.)

Rose Macaulay, writing in a recent issue of *The Week-End Review* of London, apropos of a book on slang, says: "What is most interesting . . . is the odd idiom of ordinary speech, present and past. And particularly the career of particular phrases and words, whether it be upward from slang to standard, or downward from standard to slang, which is even commoner."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Farewell to Youth

When the dust settled over the disasters of 1914-1918 and the predatory conflicts of 1918-1920, youth came into its own. For a while the air was vibrant with attacks on the "wicked old men" who had begun the war and wrecked the peace. Power in the future was to pass to youth; the word was given to youth and youth grabbed at it. Perhaps the emphasis which psychology had been throwing upon the importance of childhood was partly responsible; perhaps the disillusion of the mature with their own maturity was partly responsible; certainly the futile tragedy of the war called upon the next generation for action, and by 1920 youth had the attention of a world audience as perhaps never before in history.

In America the strongholds of literature capitulated. Periodicals in which no one under thirty had ever arrived except by accident sought contributions from undergraduates upon the state of youthful complexes. Publishing houses where the doorman had handled youthful literary aspirants now specialized in books by unknown authors, whose first claim upon attention was that they were just out of their teens. Scott Fitzgerald wrote "This Side of Paradise."

Abroad, the "youth movement" flourished, the avowed intentions of which were to further international friendships and create a world sympathy among a new generation that did not propose to be ruined by the muddled prejudices and greeds of the world that had made the war. Life was to be healthier, more liberal, less predatory, and suffused with the hope, the friendliness, and the hearty energy of youth. Since the war had failed to end war, youth would do it. Youth of the Balkans fraternized with youth of Germany. Youth from America visited all over Europe. Youth of England preached apocalyptic internationalism throughout the world, except in Russia, where the energy of youth had already been canalized for a great experiment, which was friendly only in one direction.

Now, in 1933, when international relations are probably worse than at any period since 1919, when friendliness between nations has slackened to the vanishing point, when it is every fellow for himself again and the devil take the hindmost to arm, when autocracy, the regulating of opinion, the negation of personal freedom, are cried up, when everything that youth throughout the ages has traditionally rebelled against is in fashion, and all that youth has traditionally fought for is cried down, it is well to examine the conduct of youth in a decade when it has had the center of the stage.

The result of such a survey is disillusion. In American literature, the youngsters who were acclaimed because they were young and because youth alone knew what was what, are middle-aged and second-rate or sunk altogether. William Faulkner, who was preternaturally old when he was young, is still among the promising. So is Hemingway, who still writes like a youth, with the youth's virtue of candor, youth's defect of monotony, and youth's vice of unrestraint. We have had no successors in poetry to Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, except Stephen Benét and Archibald MacLeish. There are no successors to Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Ellen Glasgow with anything like their volume of sustained achievement. And yet it has been fifteen years since youth took control.

Europe displays the extraordinary and unhappy phenomenon of a debacle of the youth movement as bad as the ending of the most unfortunate crusade. The youths of the early twenties, who were going to remake Western Europe, have sunk into middle age without a trace. Their immediate successors, the youths of the late nineteen twenties and early nineteen thirties, have in the wide Teutonic region joined a party whose average age is theirs, have gained, indeed, that authority over their elders which those who hoped to get rid of "the wicked old men" prophesied—but in seizing central Europe they have thrown overboard every other ideal of the flaming, enthusiastic youth of 1920. They have thrown overboard also the great liberal heritage of the nineteenth century which generations of youths before them fought to gain. They have given up the right to opinion, the right to think clearly, the right to protest against mastery by force, the right to call their souls their own. They have swallowed, whole, masses of contradictory ideology which would have nauseated the eighteenth century; in order to regain their self-respect after a military defeat and unjust political oppression they have accepted demagogues, and, so far as one can tell from published reports, lent themselves freely to a campaign for another war while naively believing the statements of their leaders that only peace is intended.

The reign of youth in literature in the U. S. A. has undoubtedly accomplished something. It has encouraged frankness, which would probably have come anyway. It has opened areas of life for literary exploitation in fiction and drama to writers of an age best able to make them realistic, though not necessarily or probably best able to interpret them. But the reasoned verdict of 1933 must be that it was an interregnum. The elders carried on. The future does not belong to the generation that was given an unprecedented opportunity.

As for Europe and its hot spot of politics in Germany, no observer here can view with anything but dismay the spectacle of the easily gained confidence of youth, enlisted, inspired, intoxicated by the most skilful propagandists of our time for the recreation of a great people by ideals which we had thought safely dead and buried. The situation is really worse than this, for if the Hitler ideals were all bad, if he were merely a Prussian tyrant, escape would come with his first defeat. But unhappily the Nazi philosophy, in so far as it has been exposed, is a melange of socialism, Italian fascism, communist conceptions of education and a minority dictatorship, military autocracy, and the modern Machiavellianism of bunk—and all of this the youth of Germany, and many of the youths of Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and elsewhere, have swallowed in a gulp, like the ideas in a lecture course by a popular professor.

There *were* "wicked old men," and a state or a philosophy or an economic organism dominated by old men and idealized by old women is a menace. But which is preferable, the fossil conventions of the old, their corruptions, their self-seeking, or the raw enthusiasms of youth, their lack of foresight, and their reliance upon noise and brute strength? The answer, of course, is neither, and indeed, when the dust settles again after the present conflict, it will be evident that one of the most dangerous results of the war and of the post-war dislocations was this split between generations which has forced the world to take sides either with age or with youth. The old men began this era of discord. It seems that youth will be responsible for the next. Such is the karma that pursues the attempt to free energy from deliberation, and to make a new world, either in literature or politics, in ignorance or contempt of the past. H. S. C.

"I THREW MY ENTIRE BEING INTO THIS ONE SHORT PHRASE."

To the Editor: *A Stephen Crane Discovery*

The Death of Stephen Crane

Sir: The thorough and definitive biography of Stephen Crane remains to be written; nor shall we see such a book until a number of precincts have been heard from. In 1923 Thomas Beer's serious study of Crane appeared, the best critical and impartial portrait to date. But in spite of Mr. Beer's personal researches and his clearing away of the mythology of gossip hovering about certain interludes in Crane's career, the factual outline of his life remains comparatively slight. The following letter, which I rescue from the files of the *New York Herald*, ought to be of interest to admirers and students of Crane and of service to the future biographer who aims at exhaustive and scholarly treatment. The letter, which has escaped Crane's biographers and bibliographers, was written by Robert Barr, one of Crane's closest friends, and appeared in the *Herald*, June 21, 1900. It is dated June 8, 1900, and was written from Hillhead, Woldingham, Surrey; the original recipient is unknown.

I was delighted to hear from you, and was much interested to see the article on Stephen Crane you sent me. It seems to me the harsh judgment of an unappreciative, commonplace person on a man of genius. Stephen had many qualities which lent themselves to misapprehension, but at the core he was the finest of men, generous to a fault, with something of the old time recklessness which used to gather in the ancient literary taverns of London. I always fancied that Edgar Allan Poe revisited the earth as Stephen Crane, trying again, succeeding again, failing again, and dying ten years sooner than he did on the other occasion of his stay on earth.

When your letter came I had just returned from Dover, where I stayed four days to see Crane off for the Black Forest. There was a thin thread of hope that he might recover, but to me he looked like a man already dead. When he spoke or rather whispered, there was all the accustomed humor in his sayings. I said to him that I would go over to the Schwarzwald in a few weeks, when he was getting better, and that we would take some convalescent rambles together. As his wife was listening he said faintly, "I'll look forward to that," but he smiled at me and winked slowly, as much as to say, "You damned humbug, you know I'll take no more rambles in this world." Then, as if the train of thought suggested what was looked on before as the crisis of his illness, he murmured, "Robert, when you come to the hedge—that we must all go over—it isn't bad. You feel sleepy—and—you don't care. Just a little dreamy curiosity—which world you're really in—that's all."

Tomorrow, Saturday, the 9th, I go again to Dover to meet his body. He will rest for a little while in England, a country that was always good to him, then to America, and his journey will be ended.

I've got the unfinished manuscript of his last novel here beside me, a rollicking Irish tale, different from anything he ever wrote before. Stephen thought I was the only person who could finish it, and he was too ill for me to refuse. I don't know what to do about the matter, for I never could work up another man's ideas. . . .

From the window beside which I write this I can see down in the valley Ravensbrook House, where Crane used to live and where Harold Frederick, he, and I spent many a merry night together. . . . Stephen died at three in the morning, the same sinister hour that carried away our friend Frederick nineteen months before. . . .

I feel rather like the last of the Three Musketeers, the other two gone down in their duel with death. I am wondering if, within the next two years, I also will get the challenge. If so, I shall go to the competing ground the more cheerfully that two such good fellows await the outcome on the other side.

"The unfinished manuscript" was "The O'Ruddy," published in 1903 with Robert Barr appearing on the title-page as joint author.

JOHN H. BIRSS.

New York City.

Shakespeare and *Variety*

Sir:—I loved Morley's tribute to Sime Silverman. Just the right touch. Good. Sime was a fine friend to me. *Variety* I have read for many years.

In all sincerity I wrote him that if "Shake-speare" was with us today, he would read *Variety*, above all other papers. I think he liked that. I meant it. When Edward DeVere wanted to blow off steam he tossed off some stuff under the pen-name, "Robert Greene" or "John Marston." Believe me he knew the game from belly-laugh to the highest flights of fancy. If you fellows would only get out of your trance and listen to the truth, as I know it!

GEORGE FRISBEE.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES. By LYTTON STRACHEY. *Harcourt, Brace.* A collection of biographical and critical studies.

AMERICA SWINGS TO THE LEFT. By ALVA LEE. *Dodd, Mead.* The status of American political conditions today.

THE WOMAN ON THE BEAST. By HELEN SIMPSON. *Doubleday, Doran.* A story of "the age-old conflict between good and evil."

This Less Recent Book:

THE BISHOP'S WIFE. By ROBERT NATHAN. *Bobbs-Merrill.* A delicate and charming fantasy.

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Mädchen in Uniform

THE CHILD MANUELA. By Christa Winsloe. Translated by Agnes Neill Scott. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

ON both book and jacket "The Child Manuela" bears the sub-title "The novel of 'Mädchen in Uniform,'" and the publishers explain that it is not a novelized version of the moving picture, but the prototype from which the picture and also the play "Children in Uniform" were taken. Any discussion of the novel in cities where the moving picture was shown, is, therefore, bound to begin with a comparison with "Mädchen in Uniform." This will be remembered by every one who saw it as a happy conjunction of wonderfully effective acting and beautiful photography, used to tell a singularly touching story,—that of little Manuela von Meinhardis, the daughter of a German officer under the imperial régime, who was sent to a boarding school which was under court patronage, received only daughters of officers, and prided itself upon its inhumanly Spartan standards. Here, where there was no beauty, no affection, no decent comfort, only a single one of the teachers, Fräulein von Bernburg, treated Manuela with any kindness; and Manuela inevitably conceived for her the *Schwärmerei* of a starving adolescent. In a moment of mad excitement, she told of her "crush," so hysterically as to cause the head mistress to consider it a disgrace to the school. She was sentenced to separation from Fräulein von Bernburg, in her despair resolved to throw herself over the banisters—and, according to the moving picture, was prevented at the last moment.

That is the drama of the picture. The outstanding difference in the novel is that, beginning as it does with Manuela's birth, it presents her as specifically homosexual even before her being sent to school. The abnormality is revealed with all the gravity and tenderness of a surgeon searching a wound; but it is unmistakable. It was not by any means so in "Mädchen in Uniform." It is true that this was often spoken of as a study in homosexuality, but some of the professional critics of the screen declared that Manuela was only a schoolgirl who was passing through the recognized and natural stage in all adolescents of adoration for an older person of the same sex, and that it was her tragedy that at this time she was put into so repulsively unnatural an atmosphere. I agreed with this view; not I hope sentimentally, but because it seemed to me a perfectly possible interpretation of the picture, and one which was a much higher conception artistically. It is of the essence of tragedy that there should be a way out; even if it is impossible for the hero to find it, there must be a conceivable solution; and the peculiar poignance of emotion we feel as a tragedy is unfolded comes very largely from our impotence to warn the hero, to rescue the heroine, to hold open the slowly shutting door. And similarly, it is of the essence of drama in general that it presents a struggle taking place, not merely a wound previously sustained: the blinding of Samson is tragic, but a man born blind is merely pathetic. But if Manuela is a born homosexual, then in our society there is no real solution possible for her, no matter what the circumstances of her adolescence.

Upon this side, then, the picture has done better for its author than she has for herself in her book. On the other hand, the book has beauties and values of its own, which could not be brought out in the swifter passage of a drama. It has a wider scope, showing Manuela's childhood, something of the life behind the scenes of a poor officer in a smart regiment—all his official extravagances and secret pinching and scraping. It shows, too, Manuela's little-girl days, spent in a town in one of the captured provinces, where she grows up in an atmosphere of hate and fear of the garrison among the townspeople, and is herself bred up to hate and fear the French. It makes up an impressive picture of the seamy side of military glory, insisting on the often forgotten fact that, just as prisons are hard on the warders, the splendor of conquest can bear very hard on the conquerors themselves. If the picture is more impressive as an attack upon the unnatural conditions of the school as a breeder of neuroses, the book suggests something ultimately neurotic in militarism itself, some fundamental weakness in the cult of strength which aims at none

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "THE CHILD MANUELA"

but the Spartan virtues, and will put up with the Spartan vices.

And the book has its peculiar beauty of expression, as the picture its peculiar beauty of form. The whole story is told with a compassion that exquisitely avoids all sentimentalism. This quality finds its finest expression in the character of Fräulein von Bernburg, who is an even more memorable figure than she was upon the screen. She is an innate homosexual, and she is the one good influence in the school. Living herself as rigidly as a nun, she gives her children an austere affection that will be satisfied with nothing but the best in them; she gives many of the girls their only idea of goodness, and their only happiness, she who has long ago recognized the truth and given up the idea of happiness herself. I know of no other book in which a homosexual is presented without an implied claim upon one's pity (or, in gay and humorous books, upon one's contempt). Fräulein von Bernburg has accepted her misfortune, as she would have accepted blindness, and will have no more of your pity than of her own. She is a figure to know in present literature.

Men and Poetry

SHAKESPEARE AND HAWAII. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $1.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

IT is easier to say pleasant things about Mr. Morley's little book than to give the inquiring reader an ordered account of it. This is just as well, for Mr. Morley certainly never intended the inquiring reader to receive such an account. Anyhow the book consists of a series of three talks delivered last year at the University of Hawaii, and it is about Shakespeare and Hawaii and points between and around. It is good talk, discursive, rambling, full of asides. And it has all the virtues and advantages of extemporaneity. Furthermore scattered here and there are fairly extended bursts of consecutive and acute criticism of men and poetry, passages definitely interesting and provocative.

Mr. Morley's lateral approach to his various topics is sometimes worth the trouble. There are stories by the way that are entertaining. But when he does get to what he thinks important, he is frequently more than entertaining. It was worth while to state again and to state well the necessity of getting at the actual poet, unshrouded by tradition, unconcealed by comment. Nourishment can not be taken vicariously. And Mr. Morley is perfectly right to emphasize the point.

There are also good and eloquent pages on the creative imagination in action. In fact the second of the three talks which is called the "Sense of Significance" has the earmarks of genuine wisdom. A man reads in vain if he does not "collaborate" with his author, if the process that created is not in some degree induced and reproduced in the reader's mind. A truism if you like, but Mr. Morley has done himself proud in the amplification.

The book perhaps suffers from too much discursiveness, from an overdose of vagary. But as a whole it is the genuine result of genuine enthusiasm. And it is a relief to listen in on a conversation about Shakespeare without hearing the semi-religious and sepulchral tones of the professional mystagogue congenially employed in slaying his ten thousands.

The Seagoing Breed

NO MORE SEA. By Wilson Follett. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY TRACY

AN adroit beginning hangs the interest of this tale upon an episode that is not fully explained or resolved until the end of the story. Following back from this faint clue the novel unfolds a human background in ever-deepening perspective. Out of the background figures come into focus, one after another, in sharp detail. They are the men, the women of a family, a breed of seagoing Teaswiths and their wives. From that group emerges a woman whose will it is to break the tradition, fight the sea, remove her son (and his child after him) from its influence. It is a difficult technique, well handled. The story follows a track of light into the deep past of this family in which all the men are masters of ships, all the women are early widowed. Then it leads forward to a point where this doom is challenged. Hatred of the sea for its crimes against fathers, husbands, sons, becomes articulate in one woman.

Human figures in bold relief dominate the picture, but they are not all that give it value. The coast of Maine is here in all its rhythms, its moods, from vindictive to mild, from implacable to mystical and alluring. There are passages dealing with this background that will put "No More Sea" on a book-lover's most available shelf and keep it there. Not the least memorable of them is the one in which we see Windward Haven through the eyes of Abel Teaswith, founder of the line, lately a fugitive from the king's press-gangs. The harbor, the homes sparsely scattered, shadowed by trees, are a landfall to his roving spirit. These are searching and persuasive evocations.

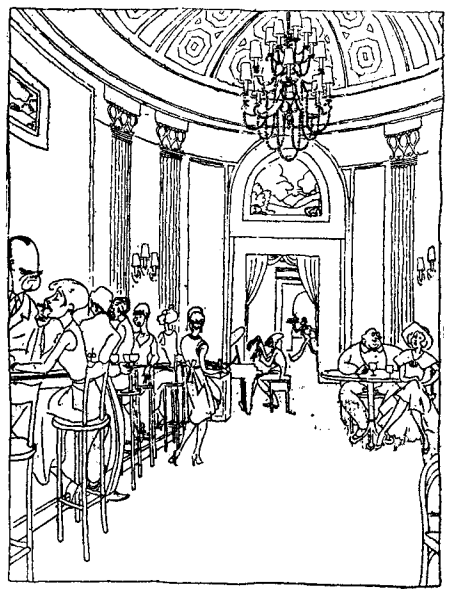
The tragedy of this tale is that a woman fails to understand the breed which has made her men the figures that they are, and seeks for them only safety. In saving them from the sea she breaks the spirit of the breed, and is herself broken. She does this understandably, and through the working of a common passion. It is the passion of possessive maternity. She must live out her life in her son, she must enjoy him fully. It is well that the results of such a course should be seared into the consciousness of many. In a day of dwindling national pride, this book tells what America has, in the past, been good for.

A ROCKWELL KENT DRAWING
From "Rockwellkentiana." Courtesy of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Stories of Prohibition

(Continued from first page)

the big First Night to come—the opening performance of "As Millions Cheer; or, Repeal is Here"—but also in what Stanley Walker calls "Last Night." Here, my hearties, is the bitterest, the downright scald-ingest account yet written of The Dawn of Prohibition. If it doesn't become part of the record I'll be greatly surprised. Steeping his pen in pure essence of gall and writing almost casually—and that's what makes it all so devastating—Walker presents the almost incredible story in a series of ironic facts. The method is swell and the story even better. It's a grand piece to read aloud while drinking—perpendicularly, obliquely, or horizontally—the first night of repeal. It will sound remote, unreal, fantastic—and you will get credit for being a great entertainer. Everyone will credit you with improvising as you read. Some of the facts contained in this chapter sound like burlesque and as you bring the house down your friends will chorus, "I didn't know it was in him." One of your best laughs will come when you read the memorable paragraph in which William H. Anderson, Superintendent of the New York State Anti-Saloon League (prohibition is about to become a reality and he is "magnanimous in his triumph") is quoted as saying to the American drinker: "Be a good sport about it. No more falling off the water wagon. Uncle Sam will help you keep your



NIGHT CLUB
Drawing by Al Hirshfeld from "Manhattan Oases." Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

pledge." What a service the author has performed in recalling—in a quietly satiric setting—this classic example of the modern Pecksniff at his worst!

If you think I'm going to go on telling you what's in the book you're mistaken. For some unknown reason, only mystery stories get any decent protection from reviewers. The indulgent critic invariably shields the murderer's identity, as though it really mattered who killed Sir Cecil Droopinglip.

The type of book that needs protection from the over-gabby reviewer is "The Night Club Era." I'm for shooting anyone who gives away Walker's best anecdotes, oddments, and so on. That's why I won't tell you a thing that's in the chapter called "Owney, the Old Master," a corking study of Owney Madden, one of the world's most amazing characters. If you think I'm trying to arouse your curiosity, you're right. If you aren't interested enough to buy the book, to heck with you. Too many people are enabled, by over-detailed reviews,* to make after-dinner conversation of books they've never read. I expect to change all that. I've turned reformer.

And, by the way, Alva Johnston has written a swell introduction. I admit this grudgingly because I happen to be the Past, Present, and Future President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Readers and one of our strictest by-laws is an anti-introduction dictum. Now I am all humility, for Johnston has proved to me that an introduction can be worth reading.

* *

* *Edward Anthony speaks as an author, having collaborated with Clyde Beatty on "The Big Cage" and with Frank Buck on "Bring 'Em back Alive" and "Wild Cargo."*

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

CUERNAVACA

SIR: Is it time for another letter from Mexico? I feel like writing one and hope it may disturb you just a little.

All Saints Day and All Souls Day have passed. The pink sugar skulls with purple tin eyes, the chocolate coffins, the tissue paper ceremonials with yellow and red celebrants on little wooden contraptions like the things on which you pull a telephone away from its anchorage, the magenta buns,—these are disappearing from the market, and also the black paper rosettes and cockades for the grown-ups. But things are still brewing: I don't know what. Last evening Carús served dinner with her straight black hair in curl papers under her dark blue rebozo and near midnight I heard a click at the great front door. At four this morning a neighbor was playing a wooden flute on his roof, the same little four-bar tune over and over without pause until almost sunrise. In the earliest dawn there were strains of band music from the square at the palace. The day seems to realize its own importance, for the sunrise was so clear it seemed lighter before rather than after the red ball popped up beside the two volcanoes, just to the right of Popo and lighting its snow above the violet haze.

About the house, however, the routine seems entirely normal. Antonia has gone to market with her big basket and will return with two chickens dangling by their feet, some canna lilies and the usual squash. Chico, the monkey, is doing occasional gymnastics on his perch. He is vain and I suspect that like color his antics do not exist without an admiring eye. Very human is Chico with the useful addition of a tail nearly as long as all the rest of him, an invaluable adjunct to hold him in convenient suspension, to reach a nut otherwise beyond his periphery or to curl around his neck as a feather boa. But perhaps he is over-organized. That enviable tail may be one of those enlargements of potentiality like the motor car, which, seeming to add to physical capacity, actually preclude mental activity by their very availability.

It is time to go to town and learn what is up, but I have grown a little disillusioned about town. When first I saw on the blackboard in front of "The Port of Palmyra" the engaging legend *Picadillos —5 centavos,* I felt the place held promise. No doubt picadillo meant peccadillo. What a happy refuge for the American of affairs, whose peccadilloes seldom come so cheap. And so simple, so frank, so ready at hand! Later came the unwelcome knowledge that picadillo is no more than a vulgar hash.

Nevertheless a stroll of the plaza has its moments. There is the old Buddha with thin white whiskers, in faded *serape,* pajamas, and yachting cap, who already will be offering his magenta ices in traditional song; and the perfect Aztec bootblack who will polish till one's shoes look like Montezuman treasure. And at the end will be a long drink of pure lime juice, and water not so pure but very wet and cool. I will go, but there is no great hurry. Life is not worth hurrying about. We have tried it and have learned that we can crowd in more but not better things.

And anyway life is not so serious. One's own is scarcely noticeable and certainly nothing to make much fuss about. Folk are born and die. As we cannot hurry our arrival we can well let our departure take care of itself. It is no great matter, except now having grown just a trifle chill here in the morning shade it will be pleasant to feel the sun on my back.

Hasta la vista.

HUGH WESTERN.

Cuernavaca,
Mexico.

When the Book of the Month Club recently offered Laurence Stallings's large volume of photographs, *The First World War,* as a "dividend" to subscribers the following letter was received—which the management of the Club allows me to copy exactly:—

"Would like to no if I can get another book as this one seems to be to large for a ordinary library. It dont make a difference how thick a book is but the hight of it."

F. M. M., who has been reading Vincent Starrett's *Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* with much pleasure, adds another proof of Mr. Starrett's contention that Holmes has passed over from fiction to actuality. In the story *The Final Problem* Watson wrote that an account of Holmes's death was printed in the *Journal de Genève* of May 4, 1891 (or some such date)—and M. Chapuiset, the present editor of that excellent paper, says that every year he receives letters asking for copies of that issue.

The adopted sons of Southern California began very early to praise their climate. An exhibition just opened at the famous Huntington Library, San Marino, illustrates. "California: from Legendary Island to Statehood" includes a letter written from Los Angeles, December 6, 1854, by one James Clarke. He says:

"You have no idea the exceeding agreeableness of our climate, it is neither too warm or cold, & one is comfortable in his shirt sleves."

From Clifford Gessler's alertly conducted book page in the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* we learn the interesting news that the hero of Thornton Wilder's next novel is to be a book salesman. Mr. Wilder, who has been lecturing at the University of Hawaii, confided to Mr. Gessler that he had not intended to write the story until his "forties and fifties" but that it is pushing itself forward in his mind. Mr. Wilder is quoted:

> It traces the development of an American "Don Quixote" from fundamentalism to the life of a sophisticated city dweller; at least, that was the original intention, but the character himself has taken hold of the story now and may not carry it out exactly according to the original plan.
>
> The action is episodic, but the episodes are not unrelated; each has its bearing on the development, the education, of the hero.
>
> He is introduced as a book salesman, travelling in the southwest; an admirer of Gandhi, and to some extent an imitator of him—keeping days of silence, practising voluntary poverty. His geographical wanderings are accompanied by mental and spiritual development; it remains to be seen just how far he will get.

Speaking of those divine Islands, will Repeal make it possible to get *okolehao,* the native Hawaiian whiskey, on the Mainland?

CATALOGUES THAT LIVE

SIR:—This here letter is an endorsement and a rebuttal of Raymond L. Thomson's announcement in the Bowling Green that he has broken with tradition and issued a live, entertaining catalogue —"the first of its kind," he opines. Bully for you, Mr. Thomson; go to it! But don't overlook the good work along those lines begun by "Orientalia" a dozen years ago, and kept up through seventy something issues.

"Orientalia's' catalogues have won unstinted praise from all who manage to get on its mailing list, and I have several friends with no previous interest in the East who have become "Orientalia" fans, and read and preserve every copy. If they came in a regular size we would bind 'em, but they don't, and what's more, we don't know half the time where they're going to come from. I received one amusing issue from Paris, and several from London. Wherever Mr. Brown goes, he buys books, and that lesser feat accomplished, he apparently sits him down and reads them all. Then we get a new catalogue, full of breezy comment, serious criticism, and, at times, quite scholarly counsel.

I was over at "Orientalia" just the other day. You know they long since gave up their street shop, and settled in the top floor of an old loft building in Bank Street, where you may collide with any kind of celebrity from a Buddhist priest, or a German sinologist, to an Oriental dancer, or, perhaps, a millionaire collector of weapons dedicated to the manly art of harakiri. On that particular visit I encountered a hard-boiled business man from Denver who was poring over a map of Arabia, to aid him—so he informed me —in identifying the exact locale of a previous incarnation.

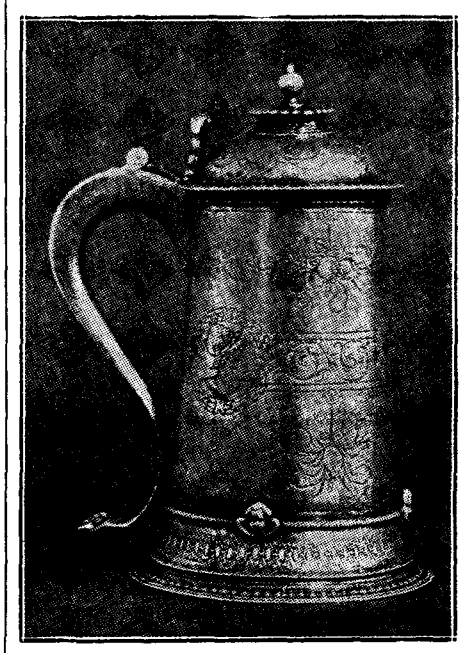
Well, I casually asked Miss Pinkerton, who superintends the mail orders, if there aren't many enthusiasts like myself who regard these catalogues as a sort of humanized bibliography. She showed me letters from all parts of the world, many, would you believe it? from solemn pedants who read every number, and seem to take particular delight in their frankness and originality. Mr. Thomson is certainly on the right track.

In the Orientalia catalogues you have Brown in every mood—grave and gay, discursive and reflective, appreciative and at times malicious. Every description technically trustworthy, as far as I can judge, but beyond this so suggestive, so darned stimulating. Or, as Mr. Thomson will be the first to agree, entertaining.

JOSEPH ELLNER.

New York City.

We like the sound of the Wine and Food Society, recently organized in London under the presidency of Mr. André L.



ELIZABETHAN TANKARD, 1572

From the catalogue of the Wine Trade Exhibition, at Vintners' Hall, London

Simon, the distinguished oinosophist. It has just held its first meeting (November 14th) when an Alsatian menu, with Alsatian wines, was served to the members at the modest cost of 10/6—which included wines and tips. The Society's prospectus says it

> has been organized by a few enthusiasts who, believing that a right understanding and appreciation of good food and good wine is an essential part of personal contentment and health, desire to bring together and assist all those who share this view, in an attempt to raise the standard of eating and drinking throughout the country.
>
> It is proposed to give effect to the objects of the Society by arranging inexpensive practical demonstrations of the art of the table, at restaurants and elsewhere, in and out of London, under the guidance of M. André Simon, the President, one of the greatest living masters of the art of good living, and an advisory council of well-known experts.

The Wine and Food Society (address 5 Little Russell Street, W.C.1) also hopes to publish a *Gastronomical Gazette.*

Stephen Leacock's much anticipated *Life of Dickens,* announced by Doubleday, Doran, notes a discovery made by Professor Leacock in Montreal to which he refers with agreeable humor:

"In John Forster's account of Dickens's visit to Montreal there occurs one of the few out-and-out errors to be found in that magnificent work. Misled no doubt by Dickens's handwriting in the letters he received, he says that Dickens and his wife stayed at Peasco's Hotel. This is incorrect. Recent researches personally conducted in front of the hotel (still standing, in St. Paul Street) show that the name (still legible) is Rasco's Hotel. All research workers in the history of our literature will find this correction of a standing error a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the life and character of Dickens and an ample justification of the present volume."

Professor Leacock in his book enlarges upon some phases of Dickens's home life which are comparatively little known and admits that the great novelist behaved with unbelievable crudeness on a famous occasion. But there is certainly no understatement in Leacock's estimate of Dickens's powers. He speaks of him as "the highest reach of the world's imaginative literature. Shakespeare was a man of far lesser genius."

Personally I find it hard to distinguish any common measure for comparing the two.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Musical Novel

SPIDER. By Marguerite Steen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

MARGUERITE STEEN'S novels, of which this is the fourth, have surprisingly little in common. Each one takes a new point of departure, indicating that the author writes from observation, with remarkable freedom from the element of personal experience which limits and stamps the work of many developing novelists. The objectivity of "Spider" bears out this suggestion, and leads to the further assumption that it was written around an idea. And a very good idea—so good, so suggestive of possibilities, that any failure to make the most of it is somewhat unfairly emphasized by comparison.

The idea of "Spider" can be easily condensed. Richard Adam, the greatest and most famous composer since Wagner, left two lines of descendants. The illegitimate strain has inherited his genius, the legitimate his money. The latter is the result of a marriage into which, late in life, he was bullied by Jacoba, an insatiable egoist who devotes her widowhood to the perpetuation of the Adam Legend—in which Jacoba figures as the inspiration of Adam's life and the priestess of his cult. She has bought and destroyed all letters between Adam and his various mistresses; she has established a counterpart to Bayreuth in the annual Adam Festival in Brittany; she has, by the time the story properly begins, developed into a preposterous but quite credible old hellion. The children of the Spider have submitted to being devoured in the name of the Legend; it is the granddaughter, Dendy, who revolts.

Miss Steen has made splendid use of the opportunities for satire, for subtlety of characterization, and for the best portrayal of a European musical *milieu* since "Maurice Guest." But in the clash between Dendy and her grandmother, the book is overridden by the plot. The appearance of Richard Adam's illegitimate descendant in the person of Dendy's lover complicates the issue. Some of the love scenes barely escape being mawkish. Dendy has an access of conflicting loyalties to dead traditions—the kind of thing the late Galsworthy (as distinguished from the earlier Galsworthy) foisted upon his heroines—and Miss Steen's brilliant cosmopolitan satire is submerged for another melodrama of star-crossed lovers.

All this however is thrown into high relief by the excellence of the book otherwise. If the idea behind "Spider" were not so good, "Spider" would seem even better than it does.

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Carlyle Rules the Reich

BY JOSEPH ELLIS BAKER

IT is too often assumed that Hitler's philosophy is so strange that it can never be comprehended by the Anglo-Saxon mind. Now whatever may be true of Hitler's practice, his ultimate intentions, and his underlying motives, it should be noticed that his philosophy itself, as it is set forth in his book, "My Battle" might be treated in a footnote to our reading of one of the best-known writers of English prose. For people of English culture, the best approach to the ideology of the latest revolution on the Continent lies through Thomas Carlyle. Before we condemn the German people as the victims of mass insanity we should realize that the Nazi program as it has been presented to them—we are not speaking of the actual working-out of the movement, which can be judged only by expert observers on the spot day after day—bears a very close resemblance to a solution of the problems of our industrial civilization that we have long accepted as a part of our traditional intellectual heritage.

It is true that Hitler goes far beyond Carlyle at one point—in his hostility to the Jews (though Carlyle himself let drop an occasional phrase like "Jew harpies and unclean creatures" or "usurious, insatiable Jews"). But after all, a disproportionate share of attention has already been devoted to this one Nazi belief that one per cent of the people of Germany are incapable of the Christian idealism necessary in the ideal State; and we have neglected the fundamental questions as to what constitutes Hitler's ideal.

We need an international interpreter to introduce us to Hitler and the movement Hitler represents. Carlyle is the man. He has become one of the major prophets of the twentieth century because he was hopelessly out of harmony with the nineteenth. He was a sour, dour, canny Scotchman who refused to be swept off his feet by the spirit of the age. He had his doubts about all the "modern" movements: de-

> ıcy, science, business—or at least movements as they understood ıelves, officially, in his own time. And :hat these movements have reached ain stature, are ready for new blueprints, here is Carlyle, as alive as ever, saying:

> In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish; with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master Workers, Unworkers, all men, come to a pause; stand fixed, and cannot farther. Fatal paralysis spreading inwards, from the extremities. . . .

Many men have said that, are saying that. Carlyle's significance, like Hitler's or Mussolini's, is that while he seems ultra-radical, he also seems ultra-reactionary. He lays claim to the future, but he does not throw away the national past. As Hitler would have Germany substitute her own heroes and northern myths for the Old Testament; and as Mussolini wishes to revive the Mediterranean glories of ancient Rome, Carlyle finds in Oliver Cromwell and in a medieval English monk the models for the modern British statesman or industrialist. Let us get down to the basis of the paradox. We have been taught to see the world as a conflict between capitalism and communism. But Carlyle and the fascists refuse to accept the postulate that there is inevitable conflict between labor and the ruling class, or that their only relation to each other is economic.

In contrast to capitalism and communism, fascism is nationalistic, aristocratic, and idealistic—idealistic in the philosophic sense, most thoroughly explored by the great German philosophers and brought over into English literature by Carlyle in his conception that the world we grasp through the senses and the intellect is merely the clothes of a deeper, true reality. To a man with "clear vision in his heart" certain ideals—such as duty to the community—are more real than anything that can be seen, or measured, or bought, or subjected to "equal distribution." To have a sound art, a sound state, a sound social life, we must recognize these values, devote ourselves to them enthusiastically, and not allow them to be overthrown by mere majority vote. Liberalism is poisonous. Uncontrolled freedom to exploit other men's pocket-books is no worse than uncontrolled freedom to exploit other men's minds through an anti-social press. Nature throws us into the midst of battle, and if the best people become tolerant, ceasing to fight for human culture, civilization will be swamped by the very numerical superiority of lower-type men and their political demagogues and journalistic, artistic, and cinematic panders. The best men must not be pacifists. Hitler speaks of the right of victory for the best and the strongest (*Stärkeren*). "In all battles," says Carlyle,

> if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same . . . (the Truth) is part of Nature's own Laws, coöperates with the World's eternal Tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

"Divine right, take it on the great scale, is found to mean divine might withal!" To complete our triumvirate, let us add the following quotation from "Les Systèmes Socialistes" by Vilfredo Pareto, to whose lectures are accredited the conversion of Mussolini from socialism to fascism:

> Un signe qui annonce presque toujours la decadence d'une aristocratie est l'invasion des sentiments humanitaires et de mièvre sensiblerie qui la rendent incapable de défendre ses positions.

Against the liberal's demand for freedom fascism sets up the military ideal of discipline: disciplined men working under disciplined leaders. It is in this sense, rather than for specific threats, that Hitler can be called thoroughly military. His book, beginning with its very title, "My Battle," is full of war-consciousness, even when he is not writing of soldiers or armies—it is the spirit of a militant Church, a faith more than a campaign. An officer, and a gentleman—or a Christian—will consider first the welfare of the state, not his own personal profit. He differs from the financier, the communist, and "historical materialism" in that he does not place the economic motive first either in his own conduct or in his interpretation of the human beings with whom he has to deal. Service to the state, even going as far as self-sacrifice, is the mark of the hero. The higher the form of life, Hitler tells us, the less the egoism. Animals care only for themselves. The first extension beyond the self was the family. Evolution has carried this so far that in some races the best men are glad to give up their own lives in battle for the country; it was such volunteer willingness to stand foremost in the face of danger that wiped out so many of the best men in the World War, leaving the way open for inferior

International News Photo

ADOLF HITLER

A caricature from the jacket design of "Hitler: Menace to Mankind." (Emerson Books, Inc.)

men to destroy the German Empire from within. A wonderful illustration of this idealistic disposition is offered by the word "Work" (*Arbeit*) which to such a man does not mean selfish activity but creative work in harmony with the general welfare. For selfish activity we have other words, such as *Wucher* (usury, interest), and *Diebstahl* (theft). The very word "Worker" is part of the official name of Hitler's party, the Nationalsozialistischen Deutschen Arbeiterpartei, the National Socialistic German Worker's Party. Every genuine human *Kultur* (the meaning of the word is as broad as the English word "civilization" and as high as "culture") presupposes first the mind that places the welfare of the community before self-interest. This makes possible the development of all those great works of mankind which bring to the creator little recompense but to posterity the richest blessings. German has another great word, *Pflichterfüllung* (fulfilment of duty) which means not to satisfy oneself but to serve the whole. At the basis of this lies *Idealismus*, in opposition to *Egoismus*.

Almost all of these ideas from Hitler could be expressed in familiar old phrases from Carlyle: "Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born soldier." "Obedience is our universal duty and destiny." "Liberty when it becomes the 'Liberty to die by starvation' is not so divine." Carlyle thinks that "'enlightened Egoism,' never so luminous, is not the rule by which man's life can be led. That 'Supply-and-demand' . . . are not, and will never be, a practical Law of Union for a Society of Men. That Poor and Rich, the Governed and Governing, cannot long live together on any such Law of Union." He objects to an age when

CARLYLE: THE WHISTLER PORTRAIT

> all human dues and reciprocities have been fully changed into one great due of *cash payment;* and man's duty to man reduces itself to handing him certain metal coins. . . . How human affairs shall now circulate everywhere not healthy lifeblood in them, but, as it were, a detestable copperas banker's ink; and all is grown acrid, diverse, threatening dissolution.

He constantly preached the Gospel of Work: "Labor Is Life." "Work is Worship." "There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness, in Work." "This same 'sense of the Infinite nature of Duty' is the central part of all with us."

These are not superficial parellels, since they lay the very foundation for the doctrines of both Carlyle and Hitler. Of course the two men, a century apart, are not in all respects identical, and it is impossible to say how far away from his theory even the English writer would be carried if he found himself filling the shoes of Frederick the Great instead of using him as subject for a biography.

As he was opposed to democratic freedom, which is the condition that makes possible capitalistic individualism, so Carlyle was also opposed to the democratic theory of human equality, which is the basis of communism. No nation, Carlyle believes, has ever subsisted on democracy. In the ancient republics the mass of the people were slaves, and the citizens were really aristocrats. Whether we call a monarch a dictator or a king makes little difference; "there is in every Nation and Community a *fittest,* a wisest, bravest, best; whom could we find and make King over us, all were in truth very well." Thus besides the dictator there are local monarchs, the new aristocracy; "we must have an Aristocracy of Talent!" But it is not to be the existing "Phantasm-Aristocracy, no longer able to *do* its work, not in the least conscious that it has any work longer to do . . . careful only to clamor for the *wages.* . . ." Thus Carlyle is poles apart from the ordinary conservative. But he is interstellar distances remote from the humanitarians, the social democrats, and the communists, for he is willing to use the test of the strongest (in the broadest sense) to determine the best; and because he would have us approach our great men not as subjects for "debunking" biographies but as objects of reverence. "No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men." This hero worship is in the greatest contrast to any form of rule by majorities—" the wise and noblest minded . . . was not the majority in my time," and Parliament he calls a "National Palaver." Carlyle was a humanist rather than a humanitarian, interested not in making society serve (through applied science and democratic government) the greatest good of the greatest number, but rather in keeping the way open for the rise of the best men, with the people ready to follow loyally such aristocrats. "Dim all souls of men to the divine, the high and awful meaning of Human Worth and Truth, we shall never, by all the machinery in Birmingham, discover the True and Worthy."

Hitler agrees with Carlyle: The state must be organized on the "*aristokratischen Prinzip,*" based not upon any thought of the "*Majorität*" but upon personality. Not the mass, not the majority, but single persons have given to mankind inventions, organization, and thought. The state then must not hinder gifted individuals from rising out of the mass, but must encourage this process. "The Jewish doctrine of Marxism turns aside from Nature's aristocratic principle and in the place of the eternal prerogatives of Power and Strength sets the dead weight of number."

Before all, the hard struggle for life itself provides for the selection of brains. . . . This process of selection still takes place today in the realm of thought, of artistic creation, indeed even of economic life. . . . The administration of the state and even the forces embodied in the organized defense of the nation are likewise ruled by this idea. Everywhere here, still, is dominant the idea of personality, its authority over the inferior and responsibility towards the higher person. Only political life has today already turned away from this natural principle.

In politics only (since the wor been made safe for democr.cy) is responsible to his inferiors. Obedi the leaders must be a people properly educated—not pedantically, but humanistically, with first attention to the development of character, including especially the capacity for Silence. (Yes, it is Hitler speaking, not Carlyle!) In this materialistic age, when our economic life gives such importance to special departments of knowledge, such as mathematics, or physics, or chemistry, there is great danger that the general education of a nation will be more and more narrowed to the sciences, which always threaten to sink into the service of Mammon. (Hitler, still, speaking Carlylese!) Rather our general education must correspond to the humanistic branches. Otherwise we renounce a kind of strength (or rather, plural, *Kräfte*) *always* of more importance for the maintenance of the nation than all technical knowledge. Especially we must not allow ourselves to be dissuaded from the study of antiquity. Roman history remains the best of teachers, not only for today, but for all time. The Hellenic ideal of culture ought to be preserved for us in its typical beauty. We must not, merely because of the difference between single nations, allow the great common possessions of the race to be broken up. "The battle that rages today has great scope: a culture—a civilization—that holds in itself thousands of years, that embraces the Greek and the German, is fighting for its existence."

Beyond the parallel between Carlyle and Hitler as to situation, philosophy, and emotional tone, it is impossible for us to go. What would Carlyle say about Hitler's rule in Germany as it has shown itself in actuality? That would be the book of the year.

Joseph E. Baker is a member of the department of English, Northwestern University.

The American publication of Adolf Hitler's speeches has been cancelled. The publishers explain that the copy they received did not constitute a complete statement, apparently containing only utterances which Hitler wishes to have read in America, instead of being, as they had expected, a statement of Germany's official position.

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The Results of Repeal

TOWARD LIQUOR CONTROL. By Raymond B. Fosdick and Albert L. Scott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

THIS book presents an interesting mélange. Side by side with a realistic appreciation of conditions is to be found a naive disregard of factors essential to the control of the traffic in intoxicants in this country. The book has, however, a twofold interest. On the one hand it exhibits an interesting documentation of the current state of the public mind. On the other there arises a consideration of the adequacy of the means which we are urged to adopt toward liquor control.

On the latter score bone-dry legislation is proscribed at the outset as worthless. Hard upon the heels of this comes a thoroughgoing recognition of the factual distinction between fermented and distilled liquors accompanied by convincing argument, if any be needed, that legislation embody an equally full recognition of this basic differentiation. So far so good. It is upon their approach to the particulars of their proposals that the authors take the plunge off the deep end. One encounters the truly extraordinary dictum that "with the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, we must assume that the single State becomes the largest community for the legislator to consider." Upon this precarious premise there is constructed a suggested scaffolding for the legislation within the forty-eight liquor tight (*sic*) compartments which comprise these United States.

The premise is unsound, and reliance upon it has resulted in a wholesale disregard of a vital aspect of the liquor traffic in this country. This is its interstate character, which must be manifest to anyone who keeps his eyes open upon the public highways. "Manufacture, transportation, or sale,"—so runs the Eighteenth Amendment, and not the least of these is transportation. And it may be asserted with equal force that a failure adequately to cope with this aspect will result in the wreckage of the best of state systems. To this problem the authors devote a footnote urging coöperation between State and Federal authorities.

Yet there is danger in too great a stress upon the state-federal antithesis. It fails to give due regard to the regional aspects of modern distribution. On this score there is the so-called Compact Clause of the Constitution from which has issued the well known Port of New York Authority. The reference by the authors to this body fails to disclose the pregnant possibilities which such a body offers for the control of transportation of the stuff within metropolitan areas which transcend State bounds.

In the discussion of the suggested means of State control there is to be found a discriminating survey of the two types of legislation, license and authority, which is to say a State monopoly. The authors incline toward the latter, and on paper they make out a strong case which is based largely upon the difficulties posed by private profits to any license system. The verdict here must be of the Scotch variety —not proven. There is no experience worthy of the name in this country against which to relate their findings, and experience in foreign countries in such matters is never convincing. On the other hand the possibilities of license have by no means been exhausted. A system of permits for interstate transportation controlled by Federal authority so as to guarantee delivery within a State in such a manner that some State authority could then assume control, offers unique possibilities. And this leads to the problem of retail sale on the premises which gives the authors great concern and with respect to which they urge regulations which would cause many an honest citizen to consult his speakeasy list. Here the remedy would seem to be to turn off the tap. On this score there is exhibited an apprehension of the saloon *qua* saloon rather than of the forces and conditions which gave rise to that manifestation.

The real social lever is the tax. Here Roger Sherman's famous dictum that the tax is the best sumptuary has been taken to heart, and the remarks upon this topic are the most realistic and satisfying. The necessity for local and national coöperation in this matter is fully recognized and effectively demonstrated. The suggestions are sane and workable. Vis-à-vis the bootlegger the war drums are pounded. Is this altogether wise? In the old days the brewer and the distiller were the public enemies. True, they lost the war, temporarily. But the net effect of this was that the market which they sought to defend passed into other hands. In this aspect they had the everlasting right of it. The government may well come to recognize that there are bootleggers and bootleggers, and compose settlements in which unpaid taxes will play the part of a consideration for the retention of their business so shortly to be legitimated.

Early in the century the famous Committee of Fifty published its lengthy findings. More recently the much misunderstood investigations of the Wickersham Commission came to light. This book takes its place with them. Like them it reflects consciously and in large measure the temper of public opinion on the liquor problem of the times.

* *

Dudley Cammett Lunt, the author of "The Road to the Law," is a member of the Bar of Delaware.

Monetary Economy

MONEY AND BANKING. By William Howard Steiner. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1933. $4.50.

Reviewed by S. W. ANDERSON

DR. STEINER'S voluminous study of the American banking structure and of our monetary problems is both good and timely. The march of events in finance and monetary economics has been so breathtaking that almost any book on the subject becomes obsolete in a few months. This volume, therefore, if it had no other claim to distinction, has the great advantage of a perspective of June, 1933. This is not, however, its only claim to attention. The book contains an exhaustive background of the banking world, including investment banking, investment trusts, real estate lending institutions and the Stock Exchange, so the reader is not conscious of any vacuum in any of these interrelated fields.

The volume also contains a brief and objective statement of the monetary problems of the world against a backdrop of recent monetary history. Some of this is technical but one will find an intelligible summary of the various schools of thought on this highly controversial topic. Dr. Steiner does not assume the role of advocate for one solution of our monetary difficulties in contrast with another. The reader may perhaps come away from the book with regret for this circumstance. However strongly one may feel on one side or the other of the controversy, it is unfortunate that those whose equipment should entitle them to be heard authoritatively feel a reluctance to take a strong position.

It is no doubt natural that a work of this type, emphasizing as it does the explanatory aspects of a technical subject, should lack a certain crispness in statements of the crucial problems of reform which are on the immediate horizon. We need men with the background of Dr. Steiner and with the intellectual approach of Cassell, Keynes, and Lippmann. In the general field of monetary economics we have today one of the really rare opportunities for reform and improvement which the world has ever seen. Not the most hidebound conservative suggests that we should return to the status quo. What, precisely, is the problem which must be solved and what can be said for the various possible solutions? You will find these things among the 931 pages, but they do not stand out in the bold relief required by their importance. The author must have convictions on the subject. Let him state them forcibly and shorn of the unimportant twilight area of fact which really does not have a determining influence. Let him concentrate on his main reasons and let him tear down the chief bulwark of the opposing school with bold strokes. In these days we need boldness and painters who use a broad brush.

I know I am asking for what the book is not intended to be. I know I am asking Dr. Steiner to be a George Warren. But we need more men of training and intellect who will fight for their views whatever they may be—especially in a field which touches so closely the happiness and security of every man.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A De Vere Enthusiast

GEORGE FRISBEE is a voluminous and delightful correspondent from San Francisco. He firmly believes that De Vere was the author of "the 'Shake-speare' and 'Marlowe' work," inveighs pleasingly against the academic, has written me of his tortoise, Lester, who is always on the lookout for hamburg steak; of his goldfish, the Empress Josephine, of the Professor "our biggest frog"; of Cassie who cleans the pool and has taught the Professor to jump; and, most recently, with others, he has assured me that he liked my assertion that "the academic has never done poetry a particle of good." And further:

> You cannot appreciate the beauty of Shake-speare unless you read him in brogue; as he wrote. Take that line in M. N. D.: "I know a banke where the wild thyme blowes." The silly proofs emend "Where" to "whereon" to make the ten. Shake-speare wrote it to be read with two syllables in "Banke." Listen to an old Irishman pronounce that word. Now read it. "I know a Ba-anke where the wild thyme blowes." Perfect rhythm and harmony; real poetry and beauty. These pedants are pediculous; no less.
>
> *De Vere* was the most skilled rhymester of all time. He wrote books to show his art in Acrostics. He was also the greatest poet of all time. When he wrote poetry he forgot his rhyming and gave us the immortal dramas. The man was unique; the mould was broken to bits after the Lord sent him to us. He was the master of the pen. When he was inspired he forgot all about his tricks in rhyming and swung into free flow of words. And How! (For contemporary opinion of De Vere, read *Ben Jonson's* Discoveries, "Otium studiorum"; and *Samuel Daniell's* "Ode to the Earl of Devonshire." Both are about Edward De Vere, the real man; and were so understood by the elect.)

ER Correspondents

... have kindly written in to ... about my remarks on "pro- ... poetry" have been *Katharine Hayden Salter*, from the University of Wisconsin, a lady from Johns Hopkins, and *Merab Eberle* of the *Dayton Journal*. *Molly Goodell*, of Louisville, Kentucky, has sent a charming letter endorsing a QWERTYUIOP club (in which I immediately grant her charter membership!) because she is just learning touch-typewriting on a Royal. Also she painted me a gorgeous Phœnix Nest on the cover of her letter, hung with a printed sign, "The Phœnix Is Out to Lunch." She says her own Kentucky abode is known as *The Mollycule!*

Harold Faller of this city writes me about another club *he'd* like to form:

> How many are the lovers of Tilbury Town? Would you insert a notice in your column that I would like to form a group of good men and women true who are admirers of *Edwin Arlington Robinson* and *Robert Frost*, their people . . . all without benefit of money. . . .

Lastly, I offer the following stanzas written by *M. F. L.* of Lincoln University, Pennsylvania. The poet imagines him or herself browsing in a library.

Tell me whence this fragrance comes?
From these tomes.

Thin and yellowed pages free
Scents of poesie:

Breath of violets hides in one;
Rose is blown;

Iris too and daffodil
Others distill.

"Winking Mary-buds" must not
Be clean forgot.

II

O ye singers, was it your passion
Set the fashion?

All who sing the ages through
Love sweets, as you,

With wintergreen and sassafras,
Cresses, marjoram, meadow grass,

Whiff of ginger, clove and tansy,
Wormwood, gallnut, hyssop, pansy.

All who sing the ages through,
Even as you,

Tune lyre, guitar and sounding harp
To sweet and bitter, strong and sharp.

How to Use Your Museum

The Esto Publishing Company of Pasadena, California (P. O. Box 46) sends me some little booklets in a series under the general title, "Enjoy Your Museum," booklets on watercolors, painting, etching, pottery, and porcelain. Institutions in many large cities have placed them on sale. The list of contributors prospective to this series will, they tell me, be considerably lenghtened and strengthened during the next few months. The booklets were originally planned for people who don't read art magazines or books on art. The idea seems to me a good one and I am glad to help the work along, at least by giving it mention. Take *Carl Thurston's* brochure on "Painting" and turn to his section II, "What to Expect from a Picture." This is intelligent writing:

> **Don't expect too much.**
>
> Don't expect it to pour out entertainment like a radio while you sit passively in front of it. It corresponds to a sheet of music rather than to any musical machine; it has to be played, and no one can play it for you but yourself. Some paintings can be played at sight, others need long study and practice; with each one you ultimately reach a stage at which it at least seems to play itself.
>
> Don't expect a painting to reveal its full quality instantaneously. Don't be misled by the fact that everything it has to offer is crowded into a few square feet of canvas. A Beethoven symphony can be printed on a few square feet of paper, but it takes nearly an hour to play it properly. A painting, regarded as a work of art, is not a definite object occupying a limited space, but an intense experience that stretches out indefinitely in time. You must give it time to unfold in your mind at its own natural tempo.
>
> Don't expect too little from a picture. It is something more than a careful copy of nature. It is something more than a pretty story told in paint. It is more than a pattern of colors or a decorative arrangement of shapes. It is all of these things at once and many more. It is a sort of crossword puzzle which can be read up and down, diagonally and across, backward and forward, and whose separate words, taken consecutively in any order, form a poem.
>
> A great painting is at least as intricate as a cathedral. It presents a great variety of aspects to the most superficial observer, and many more to anyone who steps inside. If your final impression of a picture is not as different from your first as the inside of a cathedral is from the outside, you have been looking at it too casually.

Lindsay and Art

I have seen large crowds wander through museums and picture galleries with woeful weariness, seeming as much at a loss as penguins in a parlor. I have, indeed, been one of them. When one enters a vast caravansery of painting like the Louvre in Paris—though nothing else *is* just like it—one is immediately overwhelmed. But one needn't be. The public needs all the advice it can get as to how to use its museums and art galleries. The late *Vachel Lindsay*, I well remember, frequently turned over in his mind a project for a gigantic book on art that would incidentally teach the people how to use for their instruction the museums of this country, beginning with the Metropolitan in New York—how to do more than merely wander bemused and footsore among such a variety of art treasures. If Vachel had lived to write that book it would have been a remarkable one. He had a burning interest in color and form. He became properly bitter in his private mind toward that part of his public who regarded him merely as a "jazz" poet. Indeed, his apprehensions were most delicate, his appreciation of painting unusual. I know that the Esto booklets would have met with his approval as a step toward his dream. There should be guides available in the great museums who would be not mere parrot-talkers concerning the history of the various exhibits, but folk with a genius for communicating the painters' intentions and explaining with simplicity and clarity the "why" of various schools of painting or of the methods of various individuals. Surely there is a way of communicating art to the masses. Probably when we have television, it and the radio will combine to instruct in drawing and painting. And maybe after that we will absorb all education through our pores!

By FIERRO BLANCO — A Literary Guild Selection

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME

From the Book

"FORCE, guile, and justice rule the world in the order named."

●

"A man who expects to find an uncorrupted official lacks judgment to know one if seen."

●

"When questioning a man, I ask first concerning things I know; and if he answers correctly or with only reasonable deviation from fact, I retain what he has related until I can further test his knowledge."

●

"Teach a banker's son to steal and an official's boy to lie, and being interested in their father's pursuit, they will learn quickly and do well. But to the poor, give desert knowledge."

From the Reviews

"A gorgeous tale that holds an uncanny fascination."—*Stanley Walker.*

●

"The youth of the world is in it overspread with Homeric glory."—*Kenneth Kaufman.*

●

"What lavishness! What profundities! Even the mules live. Somewhere in the heaven of boys Kim and Huck Finn are waiting to greet Juanito."—*Frances Gillmor.*

●

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★ ★ ★ ★

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PERSONAL

If You think essays are written only by 17th Century gentlemen sitting at polished escritoires, get ready for a Jolt. A new kind of Essay and a new kind of INTERNAL REVENUE is coming Wednesday in book shops. These pieces roam as far afield as Bermuda or Hawaii, as close to home as a brilliant analysis of the morning newspaper. Yes, they're by Christopher Morley. D. D.

Between the Lines of Wordsworth

THE PRELUDE, Or Growth Of A Poet's Mind. By William Wordsworth. (Text of 1805.) Edited by Ernest De Selincourt. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLARD L. SPERRY

PROFESSOR DE SELINCOURT and the Oxford University Press are to be congratulated on this volume. True, it adds little or nothing to the prior 1926 volume, which carried the 1805 text of "The Prelude" on the left hand page and the 1850 text on the right hand page. That work made an instant place for itself and, with Legouis's "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth" and Harper's biography of the poet, has become one of the three or four indispensable modern studies of the whole Wordsworth problem.

The 1926 volume was, however, bulky in the hand and hard on the pocket. Furthermore, in using it, the eye wandered constantly from one page to the other, and the impression of integrity which is given by either text alone was impaired when one was forever being checked by the other. It was a book to study, but not to read.

Meanwhile in the years which have intervened since 1926 discussion of Wordsworth has been carried on to new and bold extremes. In particular, Herbert Reed and Hugh I'Anson Fausset have given us two studies of Wordsworth which in substance reverse the common judgment of him both as a poet and a man. He becomes, under their treatment, a man with either a serious psychosis or a grave moral flaw. The poet has, in short, fallen a victim to the biography of detraction and has been psychoanalyzed to his discredit. What were supposedly the secrets of his own heart, which he chose to veil in ambiguous phrase or to hide in the silence—secrets which concern his affair with Annette and his defection from his republican faith—these latest critics insist upon dragging into the light of day. Since the sources are, however, equivocal and incomplete at this point, it is still an open question whether this type of criticism "finds" or "creates"—to use one of Wordsworth's own antithesis—these secrets. Meanwhile they force the problem upon us. Was Wordsworth, after about 1796, morally deceived as to himself, a man poisoned by a chronic insincerity, a doomed artist? These questions cannot be laughed out of court, and tears of regret that they have ever been asked will not wash out a word of the latest indictment.

If there is any pass key to the riddle of Wordsworth it is hidden somewhere in the first draft of "The Prelude." Wordsworth, less than any other poet of modern times, can be dissociated as a man from his verse. His own mind was the haunt and main region of his song, most truly so in "The Prelude." Had he chosen to publish it in 1805 rather than to leave it for publication after his death, in 1850, his whole literary fortunes might have been different. For even if "The Excursion" "will never do"—and Jeffrey was nearer right at this point than the orthodox Wordsworthian cares to admit—"The Prelude" "will do." And this latest volume is warranted just because criticism of Wordsworth has passed, in the last five or six years, beyond the point at which Professor De Selincourt marked it in 1926. At that time a comparison of the 1805 and the 1850 texts yielded great interest and no little profit. The editor admitted that the differences were not so great as might have been expected and that it is much to Wordsworth's credit to have refused to violate the republican integrity of the original, in favor of the subsequent Toryism or Anglicanism. Nevertheless the differences repaid study. They reminded one of the remark of that up-country farmer whom William James liked to quote: "There is very little difference between one man and another, but what little difference there is, is very important!"

The warrant for now dissociating these two texts and printing the 1805 original separately is to be found in the present state of Wordsworth criticism. Somewhere between the lines of "The Prelude" the secret of Wordsworth is hidden. No meticulous cross-references as between the first draft and the many subsequent revisions, down to that printed in the middle of the century, can elicit this secret. The problem is deeper than that. It lies below the surface of anything and everything that the poet put into words. Only a brooding over "The Prelude," with the insights given by this meditative process, can warrant us in hazarding a guess at the truth of the man. It is therefore a happy thing that editor and publisher have given us the present volume for our latest need. The first draft, reprinted here in its integrity, frees us from the distractions of a comparative study of two parallel and slightly variant texts, and invites in us that reflective temper in the presence of "The Prelude" which is today an absolute necessity for any serious criticism of the poet. The secret of Wordsworth is hidden somewhere in these pages, and the present work is certain to become the definitive text of "The Prelude" for future years.

Educators' Progress

MOLDERS OF THE AMERICAN MIND. By Norman Woelfel. New York: Columbia University Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE LIBAIRE

ONCE more the theory of education in the United States is undergoing a change. To be sure, this change is not one of direction; American education always progresses with the times. It is, rather, a change of emphasis among educational theorists—a shifting of their interest from psychology and social science over to economics and philosophy. That our schools of education no less than our undergraduate colleges should be taking this step is but consonant with the logic of events in the outer world; for even a professor of educational theory must pause once in a while to strike a balance between the terms of an education conceived and the terms of an education demanded. Today's working balance may be found, according to Norman Woelfel, in the experimental naturalism of John Dewey.

All who ever have taught, or who think to become teachers, should read Mr. Woelfel's book, the subtitle of which is "A Critical Review of the Social Attitudes of Seventeen Leaders in American Education." This, however, is an understatement. What Mr. Woelfel has written is an enlightening commentary upon the present temper of progressive educators—and of some not so progressive—among whom he feels that there is now a growing discontent which may ripen opportunely "into broadly conceived social attitudes and definite political action." "Are they brave and intelligent enough," he asks, "to search earnestly for new centers around which to build their personal integrity and their professional endeavors?" If they be brave enough, then Mr. Woelfel can tell them how to clear the ground for their search. To quote:

> This means putting aside resolutely such irreparably damaged entities as the Christian tradition and capitalism, to which even now the allegiance of educators is rather verbal than real. The Christian tradition has contributed much to the upward struggle of man toward civilization, but it was itself a synthesis of many traditions and many movements, and it must give way in turn to a new synthesis of outlook—the achievement of more mature men in the modern world. . . . It may as well be frankly recognized by American educators that the days of Christian cultural solidarity in America are over.

It must not be deduced from the above that Mr. Woelfel is bent solely upon the clearing away of dead timber. At the close of his study he offers a tentative program of twenty-two objectives for educators. Lack of space excludes the twenty, but from them we may cite two items which are illuminating and fairly representative: "Active participation of individual educators and of professional organizations of educators in the gradually crystallizing public effort to create . . . a culture which is under no continuing obligations to past American or foreign cultural patterns," and the "gradual amalgamation of all cultural forces in community life . . . into an educational program as wide and as continuous as life."

One might infer that Mr. Woelfel's program is designed to supplant the tyranny of the old Christian cultural tradition by a despotism of progressive education. The strategy which Mr. Woelfel has in mind, however, points not to the domination of our national life by a soviet of educators; it contemplates, instead, the gradual fusion of American social ideals into a synthetic and classless viewpoint, a Higher Partisanship as he calls it, which shall honor only productive labor and shall discountenance the motive of individual monetary success.

Women Are People

ANGELS AND AMAZONS. By Inez Haynes Irwin. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE ABBOTT

THEY are, of course, neither angels nor amazons. These women of whom Inez Haynes Irwin writes had a little more courage, some more ability, or a greater concern over injustices than, shall we say, the median woman. That their story has been given this alliterative title suggests to me the anomaly of what was called the Lecture Room at Hull House. I remember an Italian girl explained to me when I was a new resident at the House, "Lectures not there. No. Dances often. Maybe that's why it's called Lecture Hall." Had these women been angels or amazons the book would have had fewer readers and much less comment from reviewers. For women like Jews are news. The man of the street has a theory as to what their role should be. College professors, ministers, husbands, and women themselves also know. A college president announces that the employment of women outside their own homes is the cause of our present unemployment. His theory has no factual basis but something is certainly wrong; let women return to their homes and firesides. It would only increase his impatience to ask if they will have homes and firesides if they do not work. Perhaps the women he knows do have.

A biologist announces that women are mentally, morally, and physically inferior to men. It is front page news. Some men find it accords with their own experience and some women accept it as an explanation of their own failures. A psychologist tells us that women who have proven their capacity in literature, in science, in art, in the professions, or in social service are not happy. They may imagine that they are but he knows they cannot be. Their lives are in conflict with their subconscious selves. It is not in point, of course, to ask are men as happy now as their grandfathers were. They at least are not at war with their destiny as modern women are said to be. Moreover, someone is sure to suggest that the explanation of unhappy man is unhappy woman.

Mrs. Irwin does not ask or answer such questions as these. She tells, with pride in their accomplishments, the story of the American women who were the first to undertake some activity new to their sex, or who have helped to open doors that were closed to most women a century ago. She is sure that there have been great gains for women in the tremendous changes of the past hundred years.

Written to order, so to speak, for the International Conference of Women which was held in connection with the Century of Progress Exposition, Mrs. Irwin set out, she says, to tell the story of woman's progress "as manifested and evidenced through their organizations." But she has not held rigidly to this plan, and she does not give us the fresh and interesting material about women's clubs which Professor Breckinridge has assembled in her Social Trends monograph—"Women in the Twentieth Century." Mrs. Irwin finds the individual woman more interesting than the organization of which she may be a member. While one misses some important names, there are so many given that paragraphs are sometimes lists of well known or little known women who first edited a paper or studied Greek or served on a committee or practised law.

The women are discussed in connection with the "Causes" which they sought to promote. The long struggle for political equality is given the most important place and Mrs. Irwin tells the story with enthusiasm. This may be justified in an account of movements but it gives some queer results in the emphasis on individual women. For example, Mrs. Irwin devotes more space to Alice Paul than to Jane Addams, more to Maud Younger than to Dorothea Dix, Florence Kelley, and Julia Lathrop combined, and more to Mrs. Catt and Maud Wood Park than to either Alice Paul or Maud Younger.

In a book of this sort it is to be expected that there will be some errors in fact and in interpretation. One regrets, for example, that Julia Lathrop should be listed as a leading trade union woman and a member of an organization formed since her death, while the same list omits Rose Schneiderman and Agnes Nestor, well-known union leaders.

Grace Abbott is chief of the United States Children's Bureau and is a member for the United States of a League of Nations Committee.

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

I wish that my Room had a Floor;
I don't so much care for a Door,
But this walking around
Without touching the Ground
Is getting to be quite a bore!

THEM'S our sentiments. We wish that our page had six columns. We don't so much care for display, but this shuffling about among the questions we get without having space to answer them all is getting to be quite a bore. We keep two neat piles of Clearing House correspondence, one to be answered by letter, the other to receive its replies in these columns. Each week we play Eenie, Meenie, Meinie Mo with the latter, and each week out goes some question we've been particularly anxious to dispose of. Now this week, for instance— But it's useless. If we print the list of books that "picture the small-town life of the past fifty years" which we have gathered for *F. J. R. of New York City* we'll have no chance to give the information they desire to half a dozen other correspondents. So we'll send F. J. R. a letter, and perhaps some day publish an abbreviated list compiled from it in this department. Now, however, in the words of the immortal Walrus, the time has come to talk of many things.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS ON HYPNOTISM

Of hypnotism, for instance, in response to *I. G. of Plainfield, N. J.*, who wishes some good books on it suggested. Our own knowledge of hypnotism, to be honest, is drawn largely from TRILBY and THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE, neither of which novels can be considered exactly scientific expositions of the subject. We knew, of course, of Binet's ALTERATIONS OF PERSONALITY (Appleton-Century) and of the studies of Wundt and Prince, and we have always wanted to get around to reading Joseph Jastrow's FACT AND FABLE IN PSYCHOLOGY (Houghton Mifflin). But, looking at it dispassionately, our knowledge seemed to be all ignorance, so we wrote to Professor Jastrow, who never fails in the true scholar's charity toward the seeker for information, with the result that we can give I. G. the advice of an expert. Mr. Jastrow writes us:

> In regard to hypnotism, the standard scientific book is still James Milne Bramwell's HYPNOTISM, ITS HISTORY, PRACTICE, AND THEORY—1903. The only recent work of importance is to be issued by the Century-Appleton Company, by Professor Clark Hull of Yale. This is an account of experimental researches. Many of the popular accounts are in part misleading, though readable. There is Hollander: HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION, 1910; also Quackenbos: HYPNOTISM IN MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE, 1900; these must be read cautiously. They contain much that is questionable. The older work, good in its day, is a translation of Albert Moll: HYPNOTISM, 1890. Also, there is R. H. Vincent: HYPNOTISM, 1897—a good and simple discussion.

THE ETCHER'S ART

One appeal to an expert having proved so successful, we tried another. And so, instead of making our own suggestions to *F. R. G. of New York City* as to "the names of a few good books on the subject of etchers" and of a publication that will further the appreciation of their art, we give her those of Mr. Paul J. Sachs, one of the directors of the Fogg Art Museum, professor of art at Harvard University, and a collector of and authority on etchings. Professor Sachs suggests A. M. Hind's HISTORY OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING (London: Constable), William Ivins's PRINTS AND BOOKS (Harvard University Press), and Lumsden's THE ART OF ETCHING (Lippincott). And he thinks that *The Print Collector's Quarterly* ought to be very helpful in inducting F. R. G. into an understanding of the etcher's art. We can vouch for the fact that it is a journal quite fascinating to the layman.

WHERE THE AUTHOR CAN TURN

Speaking of journals, *A. B. of Woodside, L. I.*, is on a hunt for "any book of recent publication that lists various publishers of magazines and books in this country, with a terse statement concerning the type of story or article that each company desires." There are two books which will, we think, meet his needs. The first is WHERE AND HOW TO SELL MANUSCRIPTS, a directory for authors, written, compiled, and arranged by William B. McCourtie, and published by the Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass. This lists book publishers, magazine trade papers, buyers of verse, contests, radio and theatre fields, etc. Similar, but less detailed, is THE WRITER'S MARKET, edited by Aron M. Mathieu, and published by *The Writer's Digest*, Cincinnati, O.

BOOKS ON MISCEGENATION

The Writer's Digest reminds us that some time ago, when we included mention of it in a list of magazines on writing for which *John MacE. of Whitmire, S. C.*, asked us, we promised to give him the titles of some volumes on miscegenation, which he likewise desired. Those titles, promptly gathered, have been slumbering peacefully in our file for weeks until now at last we have got around to drawing them out. It's not an exhaustive selection that we are presenting, but perhaps it will serve for the present. RACE MIXTURE, by E. B. Reuter (Whittlesey House); RACE CROSSING IN JAMAICA, by C. B. Davenport (Carnegie Institute of Washington); CAN THE WHITE RACE SURVIVE? by J. D. Sayers (Independent Publishing Co.); MAYA-SPANISH CROSSES IN YUCATAN, by George D. Williams (Peabody Museum); THE SOUTH'S PART IN MONGRELIZING THE NATION, by Ernest Sevier Cox (Richmond, Va.: White American Society), and MONGREL VIRGINIANS: THE WIN TRIBE, by Arthur H. Estabrook and Ivan E. McDougle (Williams & Wilkins).

We wonder, apropos of his earlier question, whether J. MacE. knows that New York University is to hold a symposium on creative writing and criticism, continuing from November to the end of April. A series of informal conferences will be held at which a succession of well-known speakers will discuss the technique of the writing craft. It may be possible to secure notes upon the lectures by writing to the university.

THE SINGAPORE NAVAL BASE

Among the questions we have been storing up for the past few weeks is one from *E. T. K. of Ashmont, Mass.*, who is launched on a study of the Singapore Naval Base. He wishes a list of texts, magazines, or other reference works bearing upon it. Rather scanty pickings, we found when we began to look into the subject, though we have small doubt that a diligent study of English periodicals and newspapers would yield considerable material. According to an article in the *New York Times* for April 3, 1932, the "Singapore Naval Base project has been a political football." *The Contemporary Review* of London for July, 1930, in an article by K. G. B. Dewar, gives over a large part of its discussion to objections to the undertaking. There is an article in *Foreign Affairs* for January, 1929, entitled "The Strategy of Singapore," by Nicholas Roosevelt, which is illustrated by numerous maps, and *Pacific Affairs* (Honolulu) for April, 1932, contained one by Tristan Buesst called "The Naval Base at Singapore." Some slight information on the subject can be gleaned from the entry, Dockyards and Bases, in the fourteenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

NOVELS FOR A FARMER LASS

And now the end of the column is really upon us and the request of *T. S. of Highland Park, Mich.*, for a list of novels for "a small-town high school girl living on a farm" not answered at all. If T. S. will start the small girl on EVELINA and PRIDE AND PREJUDICE and add Cooper's THE SPY and THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, and Hawthorne's THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES to them we promise to furnish the names of other volumes before she has ceased to enjoy reading these.

DOES ANYONE KNOW?

M. H. of *Westfield, N. J.*, writes for help in finding two poems. The title of one is "Vain Rebellion" and the first three lines are:

I am continually more bent
In the particular way I go
While round me all things change, revolve.

The other is a kind of jingle called "Bubblelinds." The first line is:

If wardle wot the windy woo.

M. H. has searched without success. Perhaps one of our readers can help her.

". . . here is the first *truly* proletarian novel to come out of America. It is a landmark in the trend of contemporary fiction."
MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

THE DISINHERITED
A NOVEL
BY JACK CONROY

". . . it is bitter; it is alive, it gives you the sense that it was written in the furnace, not by an opinionated onlooker."
— LEWIS GANNETT in the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

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MAGAZINE

An Inbetweenie

AN ELEPHANT UP A TREE. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1933. $2.

A HARDY perennial as a writer for both young and old is Hendrik Van Loon. Did I say perennial? Why, the man seems to have a book out every month or so. And they all sell and go on selling. Some, like his book on Rembrandt, are exhaustive adult treatises, but at the other end of the scale the lighter note is struck in such diversions as the work before us. This is partly a children's book and partly a satire on civilization, and rather suffers by being wholly neither. Nor is the satire exactly fresh. It is just a bit mildewed. It is the easiest kind of satire to write, which does not make it easy to read without slightly yawning. Of course Van Loon's scribbly pictures that he draws himself in about five seconds per picture, are superb, even when one is thoroughly acquainted with his style. He can make a living thing of the most casual scrawl.

I think he is at his best in this book when his own dachshund, Noodle, enters the story and finally plays the part of sleuth to rescue his friend the kidnapped elephant, only to have the elephant rescue him as he is about to become the prey of the villainous thugs. Yes, both Noodle and the cat are heroic figures. And even with such a perfect elephant book now on the juvenile market as the French story of Babar, Van Loon's elephants shine by themselves both in letterpress and colored drawing. That the animals should reject our civilization is quite natural and quite sensible. Various stupidities of mankind are pleasingly touched upon, and the fact that the human race is quite crazy unmistakably indicated. This is to come very close to the truth, so the veracity of Mr. Van Loon's writing may be praised.

I'll tell you how I really feel about "Elephant Up a Tree." I think it is an inbetweenie for Van Loon. But I also think you'll get enough amusement out of it to warrant reading it. It is short and readable.

A Talent for Ecstasy

GLORY. By Francis Stuart. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

IT is becoming more and more plain that Mr. Francis Stuart is by right of birth a poetic philosopher, but that he is a philosopher who is still searching for his philosophy. His earliest novels, "Pigeon Irish" and "The Coloured Dome," which were so widely and deservedly praised for their extraordinary, luminous intensity, were compelling glorifications of mystical self-abnegation. His next, "Try the Sky," while in some ways less artistically satisfying, seemed as if it might well be the beginning of even greater things from him philosophically; for in it he devoted his talents to showing a happiness that did not deny the world, and to restating the old copybook maxims, which are such terrible truisms and so terribly true, and which every generation needs an artist to bring to life again. But his latest book, "Glory," does not carry on his progression of thought as one might have hoped; its solution returns to the almost nihilistic position of his first books, but its principal subject is the consuming desire for glory, a theme which is neither so important nor so well suited to his own talents as the themes of Mr. Stuart's earlier books.

Like "Try the Sky," the book begins with a realistic setting—in this instance that Ireland of down-at-heel gentry and horse-racing which Mr. Stuart can portray so well—but soon loses all pretense of realism. The heroine, Mairead O'Byrne, is drawn into international, not to say purely fantastic, events, when her father sells some of his land to a company which is building transcontinental air-routes, and which also is prepared to carry on war in the Orient on its own account. Mairead allows herself to be brought into the affairs of the company, in spite of the example of her young neighbor, Frank de Lacy, who is building himself a hermitage and who represents the ascetic ideal of Mr. Stuart's first books, to which, in the end, Mairead returns. But before this she is led to China, involved in an insistently bloody war, and becomes the mistress of both an English and a Chinese general, who are apparently intended to represent two different types of the conqueror's temperament, though this is not made very clear. The fact that no hint is given of what anybody is fighting for, or why the war should suddenly extend itself from China to India, is no doubt intentional; it was Mr. Stuart's intention to present the lust of conquest in a pure state, apart from any reasonable motive; but the symbolism is far less clear and successful than the franker allegory of "Try the Sky."

The truth seems to be that Mr. Stuart is not, as one would have previously supposed, a natural mystic, but a natural ecstatic, one gifted with a talent for that ecstasy of which the mystic devotion is (on one side) a special case. He is moved by the idea of glory as well as by the idea of humility; and this book reads much less like an attempt to convey the actual emotion of the conqueror, a type with which Mr. Stuart is not nearly so much at home as he was with his previous characters, than like a piece of attempted self-persuasion.

That attempt at self-conviction is a much smaller design than any the author has yet tried; and it is also less successfully carried out. It is too easy to invent a story in which the characters of one camp shall be happy and those of the other camp shall too late see the error of their ways. It is too easy; and it is unnecessary; for the truth is not that such war-lords as those in "Glory" are not after all happy; the truth is that they do not and cannot exist. Mr. Stuart's attack upon the intoxication of glory was far better made by the authors of "What Price Glory," by showing that there is no longer any such intoxicant to be had, in the real world, at any price. And this illustrates what is the greatest weakness of Mr. Stuart's work, though in some circumstances it is also his great strength, his tendency to see everything as a symbol of something spiritual. Mr. Stuart is uneasily conscious of the difficulty in his symbolism, but he nevertheless falls into it on a large scale in "Glory," where he presents the abstract idea of glory as involved with the commercial operations of an aviation company, and is consequently driven to invent for the aviation company a set of quite incredible officials. One can trace the habit of mind which led him to think of the "conquests of industry" in terms of the conquests of war, and of war in terms of Troy or Lyonesse; but the ultimate result is that Mr. Stuart is led to find spiritual values where there are none, and where he should be the first to say there are none.

Gnomic Utterances

THE GARDEN OF THE PROPHET. By Kahlil Gibran. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WE are informed by his publisher that the late Kahlil Gibran intended this book as a companion piece to "The Prophet," and that for some years before his death he had been moulding its aphorisms and polishing its phrases toward the desired end. That he succeeded in producing a suitable, sympathetic companion for his most famous volume, there is no doubt; and there is every reason to believe that the eighty thousand purchasers of the American edition of "The Prophet" will find in "The Garden of the Prophet" all of the elements and qualities that have fascinated them in Gibran's work. They will find specimens of the studiously cadenced prose, that in rhythm, pauses, accents, and vocabulary owes so much to the translators of the Authorized Version. They will find the romantic unworldliness and the sentimental mysticism, expressed in gnomic utterances, that elude the coarse forms of complete intelligibility. They will encounter platitudes (such as that regarding the forest within the seed) ceremoniously presented in the guise of revelation. They will feel their spirits vaguely warmed by such generalizations as "If you would freedom, you must needs turn to mist," or, "Only the naked live in the sun," or, "Know you not that there is no distance save that which the soul does not span in fancy? And when the soul shall span that distance, it becomes a rhythm in the soul." On every page they will meet with sentences that will appear to them gravid with meaning. But those readers who are sadly earth-bound, those who are still so crude as to value precision in thought and explicitness of utterance, will find these same sentences empty of significance. Within such a garden as the prophet's only initiates are at ease.

The volume is decorated rather than illustrated (for the drawings have no direct connection with the text) by seven sketches in which Gibran displays his familiar fondness for the linear style of Blake.

Mr. Maugham's Jumping Johnnies

AH KING. By Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOMETIMES I have a sneaking notion that I like the stories of Somerset Maugham as I used to like those earlier moving pictures that showed bronzed young Englishmen in sun helmets, strong silent Jack Holts about to enter a bazaar, down a gin pahit, rescue a fair lady, or shoot a tiger. I like to read of that sort of thing. But I should hate to meet a tiger myself.

Mr. Maugham, however, is a born story-teller. He is a yarn-spinner with a keen sense of the dramatic, and he does exotic backgrounds from experience. So I sat down comfortably with his new book of short stories of the Malay States, and enjoyed myself thoroughly. I have read so many of his short stories by this time that I am not sure whether this is his best book of them or not. But there are symbolical tigers. Of course, the popular opinion seems to be that "Miss Thompson" remains his best short story, chiefly because almost everyone remembers the late Miss Eagels in it, in "Rain." Or how about "The Letter?" I really don't know. But I do know that there is at least one quite superior story in this collection. It isn't the first, "Footprints in the Jungle," which is a story of cold-blooded murder that doesn't, somehow, quite carry conviction. It might be the second, "The Door of Opportunity," which is a study of a superior man's cowardice. Or could it be "The Vessel of Wrath," about Ginger Ted and the extraordinary Miss Jones? Or, to offset that satiric comedy, the tragedy of Olive and Tim Hardy, brother and sister, in "The Book-Bag?" That is an unusual and a delicately handled tale. And the story called "The Back of Beyond" is another tragedy, but this time the usual kind of triangle, only the story is filtered through a very good passive character, George Moon, the Resident. "Neil MacAdam" is a fairly old set-up, the story of the clean young man and the predacious sophisticated woman, the old story of Potiphar's wife; though Mr. Maugham makes his people real and individual. That ends the list of stories in the volume; there are only a half-dozen.

I think my choice would lie between "The Door of Opportunity" and "The Book-Bag," with "The Vessel of Wrath" certainly starred for comedy, in contradistinction. It would be banal to say that Mr. Maugham uses his materials with the arrangement of an artist. He is one. In his dedicating the book to the memory of a certain Chinese servant of his who observed great aloofness while they were together, and then cried at parting, he gives full flavor to a touching episode. He is sensitive to every manifestation of human nature.

Mr. Maugham would, I think, fancy himself somewhat as that memorable character of his, the Doctor in his novel "The Narrow Corner." Or perhaps it would be more pertinent to say that he regards the human tragi-comedy with the detachment of George Moon in "The Back of Beyond," whose final thought concerning the human race is this:

> He recalled with what interest in the dry creeks of certain places along the coast he had often stood and watched the Jumping Johnnies. There were hundreds of them sometimes, from little things of a couple of inches long to great fat fellows as long as your foot. They were the color of the mud they lived in. They sat and looked at you with large round eyes and then with a sudden dash buried themselves in their holes. It was extraordinary to see them scudding on their flappers over the surface of the mud. It teemed with them. They gave you a fearful feeling that the mud itself was mysteriously become alive and an atavistic terror froze your heart when you remembered that such creatures, but gigantic and terrible, were once the only inhabitants of the earth. There was something uncanny about them, but something amusing too.

An artist should possess that detachment, if it is also tempered with mercy, as is Mr. Maugham's. He merely presents phenomena—but not coldly. And in the short story he is always a satisfying craftsman.

The Soviet authorities have decided to revert to "classical children's literature," and have put the stamp of favor on "Robinson Crusoe," Andersen, and Grimm.

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Children's Bookshelf

MISCHIEF IN MAYFIELD. By Peggy Bacon. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1933. $1.75.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

THIS book is a sequel to "The Terrible Nuisance." It continues the spirited adventures of the Avon family. The Avons, as you know if you read that earlier work, are Jonathan Avon, a sculptor, Alison, his wife, "not in the least nervous," and their children, Juliana, nine, Timothy, eight, and Benjy the baby, five. "They had a good cook Sarah, and a nice nurse Maggie. The cat, Jungle, the rabbit, Spooky, the dog Chug and some guinea pigs completed the establishment." Altogether a model household, from a child's point of view, complete with guinea pigs.

The pattern of the two books is the same. There is a dog story in each. A trip to the Fair, and two birthday celebrations come in the first; a trip to an amusement park and Juliana's party in the second. The every-day detail of child life is well put down.

Mayfield is a quiet town and the mischief therein is the mild normal variety—except for a touch of arson. The children retrieve a lost puppy from a peddler, detect a cheater in the race for gold stars at school, civilize priggish Cousin Harold who had lived abroad and had tutors to no good end, found a club called the "Jolly Club," foil two unattractive children appropriately named Pauline and Earl, and discover treasure on the village dump heap. Detecting a pyromaniac is the most lurid adventure. But as it is followed by a tame account of how Juliana retrieved a magician's rabbit at her party, balance is restored.

The author as usual is both author and illustrator, providing text and pictures. She says what she means and then draws it, an ideal scheme which must save much time and friction. The pictures are humorous and animated as always. I particularly liked the one of Cousin Harold's life abroad. I have two grievances—there is only one cat picture in the book, the frontispiece; and this from the creator of that enchanting Mercy "who was soft gray like the dust under the bed, with like huckleberries and whiskers like stle." Now there was a description! I ope she isn't trying to get away from cats. Also I miss the more exotic animals and jungly depths she drew for the "Lion Hearted Kitten." That is her forte. But I suppose it is too much to expect a tiger or a hippopotamus in Mayfield.

"Mischief in Mayfield" is an adequate juvenile. It is not as good as "The Lion Hearted Kitten," or "Mercy and the Mouse" or even "The Terrible Nuisance." That is my dull grown-up opinion, on giving way to the odious grown-up habit of comparison, of holding up a person's best work like a yardstick to measure all the rest. Miss Bacon's real audience, the children, won't bother with that. When I asked mine for an opinion they said promptly, "I like it." As well as "The Lion Hearted Kitten" and "Mercy and the Mouse?" "I *loved* the 'Lion Hearted Kitten' and 'Mercy.'" "Well, which did you like *best?*" Then they sigh patiently, bearing with me, saying plainly why bother with better and best. Perhaps they're right. After all they are her public.

The New Books

Educational

THE ILLITERACY OF THE LITERATE. By H. R. Huse. Appleton-Century. 1933. $2.

Mr. Huse's casebook of American illiteracy would make a useful companion volume for that intensive denunciation of the perversion of taste under democracy, Frank K. Notch's "King Mob." The thread of argument (and it is a stout one) which holds Mr. Huse's discourse together, is that our huge national outlay upon education has produced not a literate populace but a populace whose well perverted and thinly diffused literacy makes America a happy hunting ground for the fury, the fool, the swindler, and the writer of advertising copy. Any or all of these, according to the author, may pursue the study of word magic in any of our great universities, and then go forth, like Artemus Ward with his bass drum and his two-headed calf, to hog the public. "Instead of leading," says Mr. Huse, "the schools are subservient to the cultural pattern of society, determined by an economic system which rewards a certain series of virtues and vices. At present that pattern happens to combine a number of valid plebeian virtues with psalm-singing and organized larceny; and the schools pride themselves on preparing for this life." Those are what the Spaniards call major words; and Mr. Huse, who is professor of Romance languages in the University of North Carolina, is well qualified to use them.

This lively clinical discussion of verbomania in the United States is difficult to classify. Mr. Huse's most likely reader would seem to be that academic *bonne à tout faire,* the instructor in freshman composition.

G. L.

Fiction

MRS. HANEY. By Foxhall Daingerfield. Payson. 1933. $2.

Told with skill and delicacy far beyond the ordinary, this haunting novel of a Southern poor-white family cannot fail to bring to its readers a renewed sense of loss at the recent death of its author, who after devoting most of his writing career to detective stories, proved himself with this book an important writer of serious fiction. It is essentially a study of character, a complete and rounded portrait of a woman who, with every handicap life could impose upon her, held fast to her courage and defiantly saved something from the wreckage. It is most unusual to find in contemporary fiction anyone done with so much genuine understanding as is this Mrs. Haney; she is very far removed from the poor-white stereotype common to southern fiction.

In the main, her life is revealed to us through the eyes and feelings of John Carroll, the son of wealthy landowners, on the edge of whose property stands the Haney cottage, looking as warped and disreputable as its owners. Tragedy in the death of a rabbit and Mrs. Haney enter the consciousness of the boy together when he is very young, and without any straining after effect, the two run side by side to the end of the book. It is extraordinary how perfect in form is this tale, without being touched at all with any feeling of artificiality; it reads like a book that has spent long years in the mind of its writer and come forth at last whole, and in its way, perfect.

A less honest novelist might easily have slipped into a sentimental cliché with Mrs. Haney, whose love of beauty lends itself to easy pathos, but neither this nor the crippled body, itself an integral part of the story, is played upon. She is not the sort of person to bring tears to the eyes of the quick-weepers, for there is far too much of the fighter in her, far too much of a curious and stubborn inner pride. Her relationship with John's mother is worked out with great insight; the two women meet across a social gulf in a way that the boy understands with some inner sense, and appreciates.

The book is short, and makes no pretense to large significance except in its careful and honest revelation of the way human beings really act in certain circumstances, but it will linger entire in the memory when many more pretentious novels are forgotten. Hortense Ansorge's illustrations are not only well done, but very much in keeping with the text; her visualization of Mrs. Haney is a help rather than an annoyance, as is so often the case with drawings of fictional characters.

H. B.

OLD SAN FRANCISCO. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Appleton-Century. 1933. 2 *vols.* $5.

Four vaguely romantic stories comprise the latest addition to the Old City Fiction Series—"Blue for True Love," "Fire," "Curtain," and "Tell Your Fortune?" covering respectively the forties, fifties, sixties, and seventies of the last century, and it is astonishing how little of what must have been the atmosphere and color of San Francisco is conveyed despite the author's obvious love for her city and accurate documentation.

Each story covers its ground in the most sketchy manner possible; each involves a feebly romantic tale centering around a vacuous or ostensibly vital heroine; each drags in by the hair of their heads men and women who have made Californian history; each is conceived and executed in a lush, sentimental manner that would bring a blush of envy to the cheeks of the author of "Lavendar and Old Lace." Though such presentation may have been intended by the author, it still fails utterly to evoke the period she has elected for treatment, for no situation rises above the puerile, no character real or fictitious draws the breath of life, no historical event gives the ring of authenticity.

A. C. B.

REBA DURHAM. By Albert Truman Boyd. Dodd, Mead. 1933. $2.

This is a novel of considerable importance as it marks the first appearance of a new writer dowered with intelligence, sincerity, and maturity. In themselves, these qualities are not uncommon; it is less common, however, to find them all present and at the command of a man who obviously has more—emotion and the gift of character creation, sympathetic understanding, and the art of presenting human beings in a guise sufficiently close to that bestowed by their original creator.

John Tierney and his three sons are the bedrock of the story; since the death of their mother, John has taken her place, moulded his sons to the work of the farm, instilled in them his own love of the homeplace he has laboriously built up over years. They form a united front against the intrusion of the outside world, against the distractions that are at every hand, ready to swerve them from their main purpose—to maintain and improve that home. If this purpose seems trivial to the city-dweller, his attitude will be changed by the time he has finished Mr. Boyd's novel, for he will discover that he is dealing here with elementals that will forever remain basically uninfluenced by the economic, political, and sociological currents of the outside world. Only a current as elemental as the home-making instinct could momentarily swerve the Tierneys from their instinctive path, and that current is introduced by the girl whose name supplies the title of the story.

Reba Durham, orphan daughter of parents with a dark past, comes into the lives of the three brothers, becomes necessary to each in turn and finally precipitates a situation that very nearly brings their

(*Continued on following page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MAN THEY COULDN'T HANG *Oliver Martyn* (Morrow: $2)	Unknown corpse in quiet English village starts Supt. Marsden on search that reveals many skeleton-filled closets.	Better for local color and characterizations than for sleuthing. By time killer is nabbed one doesn't care much.	Oh, well
FATAL SHADOWS *Dorothy Cole Meade* (Long & Smith: $2.)	Sudden death stalks in "rest house" of Malayan town, eliminating tourists till Ismael, native sleuth, takes hold.	All good, except the major premise — which, though vouched for, staggers the judicial intellect. Writing above average.	For the credulous
THE MENACE *Sidney Horler* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Blackmailer, so potent that none may resist him, at last succumbs to charms and skill of American heiress.	Blurb says author's aim is to keep "excitement at bubbling pitch." Should read "excitement of bubbling pitch."	Awful

ON RUNNING AFTER ONE'S HAT by G. K. CHESTERTON

The cream of Chesterton's wit and humor, selected by E. V. Knox, editor of *Punch,* appears in the twenty whimsies which make up this new volume. A treasure chest of whimsical satire and subtle irony. *Current selection of The Laugh Club.* $1.00

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DEATH SAILS THE NILE

by F. Burks McKinley

$2.00 STRATFORD, Boston

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

plans to final collapse. Nothing but the strength of a purpose that has been instilled in them from early childhood checks that imminent collapse; the new house that was to have marked the culmination of their struggle upward from "dirt-grubbing" still stands, but John is dead, Reuben is broken, Lansing is embittered and not a little mad and David is in despair.

This simple story the author tells with an art underivative of any influences in the literary world of the moment, in a subdued, forceful tone that piles detail on detail and incident upon incident with the satisfying inevitability to be found in any authentic work of art. Once the story begins to unfold it becomes increasingly evident that nothing can check or stand in the way of forces that are working themselves out as they work out in life. There is no straining for effect, there are no mannerisms, there is not—with the possible exception of the dénouement, which suffers slightly from the author's relative inexperience in his craft—a false note in the novel. A. C. B.

CHRISTMAS TREE. By Lady Eleanor Smith. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.50.

This novel by the author of "Ballerina" makes more than a merely superficial appeal. It is interesting in its technique which, borrowing from movie methods as do so many modern books and plays, flashes a spotlight here and there, and ultimately binds together its separate revelations. It is interesting, too, in its grasp of the dramatically varied elements that jostle each other in the life of a great city: —love or loneliness, courage or frustration, and every form of ambition and egotism from the temperamental artist's to the vain and arid business man's variety. The author's clever pen can tell a story with the perpetually magic combination of pathos and humor, though the humor here is nearly always in the phrasing, not in the situations, in which tragedy or irony are usually near the surface. "What price Christmas?" will rise more than once to the reader's lips, even while he is interested and entertained.

The frame for the stories is a clever one. A weary saleswoman in a department store sells seven Christmas trees to as many customers, only faintly stimulated from her habitual detachment by the oddity or individuality of the atmosphere in which the various purchases are made. During a footsore evening in a drab lodging, she tries, upon request, to entertain her room-mate with a sketchy account of this last hour of her working day. They cannot fully piece out the backgrounds of the customers, though imagination makes every effort. Always, however, they are sure there is glamour and happiness behind; something so different from their own surroundings. . . . "Some people have all the fun." The stories follow. Different indeed they are from Miss Heath's daily round, but usually with a reverse turn upon the imagined happiness, and sometimes with only tragedy or pathos to be found. It was a clever device to repeat at the head of each section the bits of conversation and comment which passed between the two tired friends in building their pictures. The reader, if curious and insistent, would have looked back to refresh his memory, but he is saved the trouble and given these ironic touches with renewed poignancy from tale to tale.

This is a well-planned and written tale which stands decidedly above the run of popular novels.

M. C. D.

FAR EASTERN FRONT. By Edgar Snow. Smith & Haas. 1933. $3.75.

There is a real need for a book that restates the newspaper accounts of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, the assault on Shanghai, and the conquest of Jehol, in order to present them with some sort of unity. Mr. Snow's book, in some respects, meets the need. Any account of recent Far Eastern events that can give an approximate perspective and maintain general public interest should be welcomed, because the greatest handicap of public interest has been lack of information.

"Until the appearance of this book," says the blurb, "most of the literature on the subject has served to bewilder the American reader with an inextricable web of tangled political events and men with confusing oriental names." It is a pity that "Far Eastern Front" is not a little better, because much of it is first-hand reporting, and good reporting too; but as it stands, it is more shallow than even a popular book ought to be. The "web of tangled political events" remains largely "inextricable," and some of the "confusing Oriental names," alas, are misspelled. The proof-reading is lamentable. Too many facts are half-stated or wrongly stated, and too many causes only half-analyzed. The style in general reads like an alarm-clock rendering of *Time*, and the author has a passion for fearsome words like "metamorphized," "stabilitated," and "bellophil."

O. L.

Miscellaneous

THE WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Michael V. O'Shea in Association with Ellsworth D. Foster and George H. Locke. Revised by S. Edgar Farquhar. Chicago: The Quarrie Company. 1933. 18 *vols.* $69.90.

This new edition of an encyclopedia for parents, teachers, and high-school children which first appeared in 1917 brings up to date a work which is already widely distributed and which is an admirable adjunct to the reference shelves of home, library, or school. It contains a vast number of entries arranged under convenient classifications, outlines and lists of questions for study, a profusion of maps and illustrations, and a large number of pictorial and statistical charts presenting in graphic fashion facts, figures, and trends. An admirable feature of the work is the list of references to related subjects at the end of articles, and the carefully chosen bibliographies contained in the last volume. Of the highest usefulness to teachers and parents is the volume devoted to a classification of knowledge which brings into conjunction subjects of cognate bearing. The encyclopedia contains a large number of entries usually to be found only in scattered books, definitions expanded to the length of articles, discussion rendered particularly applicable to the problems of parents and teachers, such as that under the heading "Will," which after elucidating the term psychologically presents a series of educational suggestions, biographies of contemporary notabilities such as Helen Wills and Frank Woolworth, a lengthy section on the World War and another on aircraft, paragraphs on sports, games, etc., current sayings and expressions, quotations from verse and song, all of course in addition to the usual biographical, historical, scientific, and literary topics. It is written for the mature reader, but in sufficiently lively fashion to catch the attention of the more youthful one.

It cannot be said that the apportionment of space is always judicious, more especially in the biographical sections where such absurdities are possible as devoting as much textual matter to Ella Wheeler Wilcox as to H. G. Wells, and longer entries to Lady Astor and Elinor Glyn than to Ghirlandajo. S. S. Van Dine gets only an inch less than Van Dyck, and Henry Van Dyke lacks the same amount of a notice as long as that of the famous painter. The selections of photographs which accompany the biographical sketches is also at times a curious one. Why, when recent pictures are easily procurable, should William Allen White, for instance, be represented by one which must have been taken at least twenty years ago? Yet, despite obvious shortcomings, "The World Book Encyclopedia" is a valuable reference work and a storehouse of fascinating information.

THE SIXTH NEW YORKER ALBUM. With a Foreword by Ring Lardner. Harpers. 1933. $2.50.

The late Ring Lardner's preface to this book is in what was his best "cuckoo" manner. The book itself, now one of a series, is full of the kind of drawing the *New Yorker* has made famous. And, as a recommendation to the potential buyer, this review might stop there. Those words should be enough. But perhaps it is as well to name some of the artists represented. Of course a comparative newcomer, one James Thurber, is present with his inimitable scribbles. The great Peter Arno has a few first-rate things—though none quite up to the best of former years. Those standbys, Steig, Shermund, Soglow (of "The Little King"), Galbraith (whose drawing is superb), Gardner Rea, Alan Dunn, Helen Hokinson, Price, Klein, Rea Irvin (Art Editor of *The New Yorker*), Gluyas Williams, Hoff, Richard Decker, etc.—well, we started by saying "standbys," and lo and behold, almost *all* of them qualify! Here are those we have named and lots more. And here is the humor complete in a line, "What have I done, darling?" "This evening you are like a muted gong," "Huntley, don't be vulgar!" "I got no right to such happiness, Horace," texts that perfectly interlock with the pictures. Pictures, also, that are the peak of expressiveness, such as "She's always been musical," "Roger, look at the birdie!" "I forgot my skates." In our own private opinion *The New Yorker* is the best art-edited humorous periodical that ever has been or will be. So, as this isn't an advertisement, we shall stop here.

W. R. B.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE CAT HAD NINE LIVES *Achmed Abdullah* (Farrar & Rinehart: $3.)	Non-fiction Adventure	The cat is the versatile yarn spinner himself and these are his adventures, all over the map. Why the man should ever have written fiction is a puzzle.	Splendid
ROBBERY AT PORTAGE BEND *Captain T. Lund* (Kendall: $2.)	Adventure	Again the Canadian Mounties trail their man. The Captain knows all about them, of course, and he writes entertainingly.	Okay
I BELONG TO YOU *Denison Clift* (Macaulay: $2.)	Rental Plug	Valley, from the wide open spaces, comes to the big city where "like wolves, men hunted her body."	Stale
POLYGAMY PREFERRED *Lacey Beck* (Godwin: $2.)	Ditto	Annys and Brandon marry, accepting the premise that neither can be physically faithful. According to this scribbler, it works.	Phony
ORIGINAL SIN *Charles Grayson* (Alfred H. King: $2.)	Modern Romance	Two young men and a charmer get all mixed up with love and lubricated conversation at the New Orleans Mardi Gras. Harmless time-killer.	Ho-hum

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Edinburgh Essays on Scots Literature. H. H. Wood. W. M. Mackenzie, J. D. Westwood, J. W. Oliver, G. Kitchin, I. A. Gordon, and A. Macdonald. Edinburgh: Olive & Boyd.

MISCELLANEOUS

Juvenile Detention in the United States. F. M. Warner. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $2.50. *A History of Agriculture in the State of New York.* U. P. Hendrick. New York State Agricultural Society. $3. *Public Opinion and World Politics.* Ed. Q. Wright. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $3. *Bluegrass Houses and Their Traditions.* E. M. Simpson. Lexington, Ky.: Transylvania Pr. $5. *The Book of Good Deeds.* 1914-1918. Farrar. $2. *Garden Flowers in Color.* G. A. Stevens. Macmil. $3.75.

PAMPHLET

Arabic Words in English. W. Taylor. Oxford Univ. Pr. 85 cents.

RELIGION

The Four Gospels. C. C. Torrey. Harper. $3.

TRAVEL

We Explore London. J. and C. Gordon. McBride. $2.75.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of the Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

CULTURE CIRCLE, Room 812, Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th Street, open every Saturday 8 P.M., offers lectures on Art, Theatre, Travel, Politics, Timely Topics, also lessons in bridge, dancing. All lectures followed by cards and dancing. Admission 50c. Make reservations for $1.50 Thanksgiving dinner to be held at Aldine Club, 1 P.M. November 18th, subject "Germany and Disarmament."

CONGENIAL companionship through correspondence. Stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Wash.

YOUNG man, 22, isolated from all congenial companions, desires correspondence with young man interested in literature and music. Write R. W. Billings, Plainfield, Mass.

HOMEMAKER and lover of children (3) welcomed in woman physician's simple, pleasant home. Usual salary and unusual opportunity for sympathetic, competent homebody. Dr. Normandeau, 1606 Union Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

YOUNG WOMAN, Ph.D., with knowledge of all European languages, including Slavonic and Scandinavian, several years study in Central Europe and New Zealand, experienced in library research in all fields, will gladly look up obscure information, compile bibliographies or translate. Reasonable rates. Box 351.

PROFESSIONAL, Mother, homemaker and chauffeure, highly recommended by her own children, wishes adoption by a family. Object, salary. Box 352.

EXPERT professional photographer; experienced dramatic director; qualified instructor in literature and dramatics, with a B. A. Can you use me? Box 353.

GOLF PROFESSIONAL, former physical director, single, 33, college graduate, is greatly concerned about the present. Experienced in golf course construction, drive car. Real find for some club or individual. And do I need a job! Box 354.

YOUNG LADY, 28, who, stationed in a lonely mission station in the jungles of India, has not seen a white man to talk with in a year, would welcome correspondence with a man of 30 or over, interested in books, music, folks and real living, who is as lonely as she is. Address "Teddy."

FEMALE, brunette, 23, trained for librarianship, interested in biology and literature, experienced in typing manuscripts, proofreading, looking for a job paying a living wage, preferably in Boston. Elizabeth.

"IS ALL AMERICA, at 30, feminine—or attached? Returned wanderer, liking music, literature, exchange of ideas, "Ausflüge," would appreciate knowing congenial exceptions in vicinity of Trenton-Philadelphia. Care-away."

WANT to communicate with man having $1,000 to put in a proposition with possibilities of many times that sum in returns. Investigate this. Write Box X.

NOT PROUD but poor young woman, at present running bookshop on Kansas prairies must find position in New York bookshop or whatever, living wage all required. Working knowledge of bridge, postage stamps, old prints and all sorts of odd jobs, including stenography. (I really mean it). References. REDHEAD.

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PERSONALS

EXPERIENCED editorial work and rewriting of Ph.D. theses, organization reports and articles or books in the social science field by professional writer and trained sociologist. Rogers and Fitzgerald, 7 East 9th Street. Tel. STuyvesant, 9-7326.

WANTED—One million thinking men and women to *Emigrate* into a *new idea* in *The Allegion*—a "different" book. "Original"—"A vital message at a Critical Period." 12mo. boards, limited, numbered, edn. $5. Popular, cloth $2. Titus K. Smith, Westfield, N. J.

BREATHES there a lonely soul, country doctor preferred, interested in exchanging thoughts on Catholic Action. Mary Arsee.

YOUNG WIDOW, college woman, desires French, Spanish conversation exchange, college man in thirties, preferably native. "Amitie."

"THIRTY" and "A. B.," please send address. "Californio."

FRENCH young woman, Paris graduate, wishes few cultured students. Grammar, literature, conversation practice. Box 356.

A SHORT STORY in 59 words—Young man graduates from college, 1931. Holds college instructorship in English, 1931 to 933. His instructorship meets Depression, September, 1933 in hand-to-hand combat; Depression wins. Now Depression and hero are face to face. Hero is armed with good education, including graduate work in literature; experience in writing; experience in business; love for books, music, people, nature, travel. Who will write solution? Frank.

YOUNG MAN desires teaching position, B. S., M. A., one years work doctorate in commerce, specialized in Corp. Finance, Business Organization, Investments, Management. Box 355.

YOUNG WOMAN, Westerner, alone in New York, craves comradeship, conversation, window shopping, man 34-44, bump of humor, not too short. No Don Juans. Box 57.

STARTLING as it may seem, I have a secretarial position. But what waste! Writing ability, editorial training and a stenographer to boot. Unspent mental energies that some New York firm ought to be capitalizing. Know my value, but I am reasonable, too. Box 358.

ON or Housekeeper: Intelligent man, age 45, well educated and pleasing personality, desires position in to middle-aged woman or will of large household. Excellent references. Box 361.

WANTED: Young man between twenty-four and thirty-four, expert scavenger, for a party. Must be tall, personable, poised, and above all quick-witted. Locality, Boston. Address Box 362.

YOUNG-OLD gentleman—not yet 30—near Phil.D. (English Lit.), would like to be metamorphosed without turning Faustian. Remunerative work might do the trick, but—other suggestions open to consideration. "Change is Opportunity."

SECRETARY typist of experience with authors and playwrights wants work by hour, day or week. Box 364.

WILL keep and take good care of studio upright piano for one wishing to save storage charges. Box 365.

RARE chance to cheaply secure prompt, accurate, conscientious services of man of wide knowledge and scholarly attainments, specially equipped for literary research, manuscript revision and the like. Box 366.

WOMAN, 45, ability, personality, agreeable, who has managed with marked success (business and social) resident clubs, finances and accounts of college, offices, seeks opening genuine responsibility. Unquestionable credentials. Box 367.

STARTING All Over Again—43 years young, personable, divorced, versatile; expert horseman to engineering development and experienced executive. No funds outside of perfect health, honesty and pep. Do anything or go anywhere reasonable and honest. What have you? Object; to use the next ten productive years as best I can remuneratively and then settle down and rest myself by Gosh.—BEGINNER.

PERSONAL

WANTED: 5,000 good people to help dock the Aquitania, ride in the cab of the 20th Century Limited, visit a broadcasting station from 'back-mike'—and just in case you think us facetious, we're talking about that grand surprise, coming Wednesday — **INTERNAL REVENUE** by **Christopher Morley.** D. D.

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Friendship Is Cheap

FOR an autograph dealer (which includes the rare booktrade) to refer to a catalogued communication as a "fine friendly letter" is certainly well within the limits of propriety—assuming, of course, that the letter is fine and friendly. The run of the mail probably does not assay for a large proportion of fine letters, and here the letter-seller has an advantage, because most of his subjects knew how to write them. But good and bad, more letters are probably friendly than otherwise—at least superficially.

How much more desirable, however, from any point of view save the recipient's, is a fine unfriendly letter! Dr. Johnson's rejection of Lord Chesterfield (who failed to satisfy) would certainly sell at a price never approached in the market if it could reach the auction block—which is not likely to happen, because Chesterfield almost certainly tore up the original, and the two drafts which were in James Boswell's possession are now, by his gift, in the British Museum. But how much (or rather how little) would the communication have been worth if it had been a "fine friendly letter"—something on this order, perhaps?

February 7, 1755

My Lord,

My attention has been called to two laudatory notices of my forthcoming Dictionary, attributed to you, which have appeared in *The World* newspaper. I crave your awareness, my Lord, of the extent to which I am sensible of the fact that this is uncommonly decent of you. There are not many peers who would have done it. You will allow me to add, on my own behalf, that there is no other peer whom I should have dreamed of waiting on with a dedication. I do hope you have discharged the insolent manservant who pointed me to the door when last I sought to consult you—or were you really out? At all events, shall we not let bygones be bygones, and permit me, my Lord, to subscribe myself your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM: JOHNSON

P. S. We must go swimming together one day.

Erratum

RAGE and humiliation must be the emotions characterizing the comment which follows. In the Compleat Collector for October 28th, since when the two Carolinas, disdainful of alien corn, have crossed dryshod the rocky floor of the Dead Sea of the Eighteenth Amendment, was printed a statistical summary of a collection of cigarette cards which had been described in detail in *The Month at Goodspeed's*, issued by the Boston bookshop of that designation. This commentator intimated—nay, said right out—that Editor Norman L. Dodge of *The Month* knew not whereof he spoke when he referred to Egyptian Straights as Egyptienne Straights. But truth is mighty and shall prevail—hail, then, her prevalence, with Mr. Dodge acting as her spokesman, standard-bearer, and interference:

> Your accusation that I put on the dog when I described Egyptienne Straights pulled me up short for a moment. The cards themselves have been sold, and I had no chance to check up, but the fancy spelling seemed to be engraved in my memory. Just for the fun of it, I stepped into a tobacco store last night, and asked for this brand. The clerk produced a box which must have been antiquated, judging by the dust it had accumulated, and sure enough here is the tinsel spelling—enne. Really I am sorry that you happened to be wrong just this once, because I was sure that the cards which I described in *The Month* had the fancy spelling, and I thought for a minute that there might be a point which would identify early issues, but that's just another busted bibliophilic bubble. By the way, do you smoke Straights?

Do I smoke Straights, Mr. Dodge? "A question!" as my favorite fictional character after Huckleberry Finn would retort in a parallel contingency. I smoked Straights, Mr. Dodge, out of my first boughten package of cigarettes, and that is why I was so unreservedly convinced (and did not trouble to test the conviction) that Egyptienne Straights were Egyptian Straights. They are not. Photographic evidence accompanies these tears.

The camera can occasionally lie, but it cannot spell Egyptian.

But enough of sub-adolescent reminiscences. I am dying, Egypt, dying, but in advance of the full event I determined to test for myself Mr. Dodge's findings (not that I doubted them) and sought to buy a package of Straights. It is not, in these burley times, a simple business. Not until the fifth inquiry was a package produced from a secret recess and it proved, unfortunately for the interests of scientific inquiry, to be a two-bit affair, containing twenty cigarettes. This was twenty more than I wanted, but a far doughtier soul than Caspar Milquetoast would not have had the hardihood to say, "Thanks—I just wanted to see how Egyptian was spelled." The twenty-five-cent package may fairly be considered, however, as an example of the large-paper edition. And they've quit giving flags.

J. T. W.

Et Tu, Priestley?

ADD to the imposing list of writers who have attempted to suppress first books the name of J. B. Priestley. The horrid secret is exposed, as such secrets so often are, in a bookseller's catalogue—Number 184 from the London shop of Frank Hollings, wherein the Priestley skeleton, by an unimportant coincidence, chances to be Item 184. The book was—is—called "The Chapman of Rhymes," and it was published as a green-wrappered pamphlet in 1918 by Alexander Moring, Ltd., of London. The Hollings note describes it thus:

> The author's first book, suppressed and destroyed by his order before publication and entirely unrecorded. Written in the flush of growing manhood whilst serving as a lieutenant in the Devonshire Regiment during the Great War, the author's cooler judgment seems to have prevailed when he saw his effusions in cold print, and in a letter to the publisher he expressed his dissatisfaction and ordered that the whole edition should be withdrawn and destroyed. His instructions were followed so faithfully that only three copies are believed to have survived, and for all practical purposes the book ceased to exist. Not until four years later did Mr. Priestley enter again into the world of books, when he published "Brief Diversions," which is everywhere accepted as his first effort. The dramatic circumstances of its suppression and the later fame that has come to the author of "The Good Companions" combine to make this slim little volume of verse one of the most desirable and certainly one of the very rarest of twentieth century first editions.

The Hollings copy of "The Chapman of Rhymes" is described as fine and unopened, so that Mr. Priestley's secret is still safe. Any—that is, one—Priestley collector can have it for £45.

J. T. W.

CLASSIFIED

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BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA'S HISTORY and Economic Pre-War and Soviet in English and Russian. Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, New York City.

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VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

"L'ILLUSTRATION," Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing, DELUXE EDITION, $3.25. The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's Largest French Bookshop." Big Mailorder Catalogue 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French books in stock."

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Good old Jeff ("Three Squares") Miller, our Link with Reality, is still eating, pardee; for he sends us a notice he observed in a Greenwich Village café frequented by painters, sculptors, and taxi-drivers:—"It is necessary for workingmen to remove their working clothes before coming here to be served; for the very simple reason that the majority of those who come here to eat are dressed in street or office attire and it makes them very uncomfortable to think that they might become soiled by paint, plaster, or automobile grease."

☞We have read Don Marquis's new book, *archys life of mehitabel* and it is worthy of the theme. If any bookseller wants to clinch the hesitating customer, have him read "archy on the radio," p. 98. ☞Alfred A Knopf made a very beautiful book of the *Collected Prose of Elinor Wylie* ($3.50) which includes her four unique novels and some charming casuals in prose. One correction noted for the second printing, which will be soon we hope: on p. 319, *juvenalia* should be *juvenilia.*

☞We are interested to learn that Mr. William C. Dodge, elected as District Attorney of New York, is the son of Arthur P. Dodge, who edited the old *New England Magazine.* (Our authority for this apparent contradiction in terms is itself in New England: the famous New Old South Church.) ☞Another politico-literary note comes from Harpers, who have just had word from the Chief of Police in Milwaukee that their new book, *How to Develop Your Personality,* by Mrs. S. M. Shellow, is going to be used as a text in the Police Training School. Milwaukee is famous for its socialist city administration; possibly this explains its liberal literary interests. Now that Bridgeport, Conn., has elected a socialist mayor, maybe the police department there will be a good market for Emily Post.

☞Harpers also report that they are rushing a new printing of that elegant book of photographs, *The American Procession,* by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen. It has been suggested to Quercus, who passes the idea along, that a good supplementary section for a new edition of this book could be made up of before-and-after photographs of the fifty-nine men whom James W. Gerard once listed as the rulers of America.

☞On or about the date of this issue we hope to be able to congratulate Brentano's on the opening of their new extension, which carries them through from 47th Street to a frontage on Fifth Avenue. ☞Also about November 25, we learn by grapevine telegraph, the Union News Company will open the Rockefeller Center Book Shop, inside the main entrance of the noble R. A. C. Building. The manager will be Miss Edith Wells, formerly of the Waldorf-Astoria Bookshop; the shop's attractions will include a lending library. ☞The employees of Macy's Book Department are practically 100% subscribers to *The Saturday Review.* When last seen by the Quercuses, Miss Peggy Byrnes, manager of the Book Department at Macy's, was rejoicing in the prompt sale of a set of the new Oxford English Dictionary (the big one) and was agog to reorder.

☞J. Harold Kittleson has succeeded the late Leonard H. Wells as manager of the Book Section at the Powers Store in Minneapolis, and is sending out to customers a special catalogue of Old and Rare books gathered by Mr. Wells. This catalogue was completed by Doc Wells just before his recent death and is a memento of his many years in service to booklovers in Minneapolis.

☞Max Schuster in a memorandum to the staff of the Inner Sanctum lists Keats's Sonnet on Chapman's Homer and a paragraph by Heine about the Bible as "the two greatest book advertisements ever written." ☞Eugene Field's copy of Riley's first book, *The Old Swimmin' Hole,* was sold at the American Art-Anderson Galleries for $510. ☞Among the interesting lectures announced for this winter by the Whitney Museum of American Art (10 West 8th Street, N. Y. City) we note Lewis Mumford's *Painting as a Prelude to Philosophy* (January 22; tickets 50 cents). ☞A. L. Bailey, Penn Yan, N. Y., is pleased by Quercus's allusion to Eugene Manlove Rhodes and asks if Rhodes's publishers won't also put out a book of his short stories. ☞James F. Drake, Inc., have just issued their catalogue number 236—the first sent out from the new shop at 24 West 40 Street. ☞The photographs of negro life on the Southern plantations, taken by Doris Ulmann for Julia Peterkin's *Roll, Jordan, Roll* (to be published by Robert O. Ballou) are exceptionally beautiful. This book will certainly belong on Quercus's Christmas List. ☞Another good detective story, *Scotland Yard Can Wait!* by David Frome (Farrar & Rinehart).

☞We learn from Doubleday, Doran that Beverley Nichols, the recent havoc-crier, sends word of a Russian astrologist in Monte Carlo who "like all astrologers, prophesies chaos in 1927" (*sic*). This so far surpasses Mr. Nichols's own attempts at prophecy that we are not surprised to hear he has gone back to writing about gardens.

☞One of the most learned and cosmopolitan of book journals is *Philobiblon*—"eine Zeitschrift für Bücherliebhaber"—published monthly at Strohmayergasse 6, Vienna. Those who can read German will find much pleasure in this beautifully printed little magazine. ☞Ray Long and Richard Smith are anxious that Robert Cortes Holliday's gay history of undercostume, *Unmentionables,* should not give any reader the idea that there is any touch of frou-frou in Mr. Holliday's temperament. Of him they record:

Born in Indianapolis in 1880, he came into prominence at the age of twelve as the only boy in Number 10 School who could take a long drink of water without removing his chew of tobacco. At sixteen he was champion junior bicycle racer of Indiana; at seventeen local champion boxer, and at eighteen he became house player for the "hardest pool and billiard room in Indianapolis." He claims that in New York, like his friend, the late George Luks, he knew "more thugs, sailors, policemen, and bartenders than most anybody in town."

☞It is interesting to note that good old Roget's *Thesaurus* is now reissued in a new completely revised edition (Longmans, Green, $2.). There have been 77 printings of the book since the first edition of 1852; it is still published by the same firm, and three generations of the Roget family have worked to perfect it.

☞The new edition came to us with a note from Jane Terrill of Longmans, recommending the words in paragraph 931 ("approbation" and its synonyms) for reviewing Longmans, Green books. Miss Terrill was taking a chance, because next to paragraph 931—in fact, no further away than Coward-McCann is from Longmans, Green—is paragraph 932, listing the available words to be used in expressing disapprobation. Also, Miss Terrill, among the other words in paragraph 931 we found "puff" and "blurb."

☞It has already been pointed out that our recognition of Russia, if succeeded by a copyright agreement, will be an important event for American authors whose books are published there. Our favorite item in connection with the Russian news was the trans-Atlantic telephone conversation between Commissar and Madame Litvinoff; we are sure that our readers will recognize Russia—or, more specifically, Chekhov—in this charming dialogue:

Litvinoff: What kind of weather are you having?
Madame L.: Beautiful, clear, snow. Lovely, clear snow. What time are you having, 10 o'clock?
Litvinoff: It is now 11 o'clock.
Madame L.: It is 7 o'clock exactly.
Litvinoff: Does the sun shine?
Madame L.: Not sunshine, but sunshine in our hearts.

☞Our faith in the relation of books to life was shaken last week by the report that several murdered persons in New Jersey had been rendered unidentifiable by burial in quicklime. The report stated that the bodies had been reduced to skeletons within a few months. It was one of the novels of R. Austin Freeman—we can't remember which—that scouted the idea of quicklime's potency to destroy flesh. According to Freeman, who has always seemed to us, with Dorothy Sayers, the most scientifically dependable of mystery mongers, the quicklime business is just an old wives' tale. Now we don't know whom to believe.

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